

# The Musical World.

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VOL. 59.—No. 27.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1881.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
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## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

**THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 2nd, will be performed**  
"LINDA DI CHAMOUNI." Linda, M<sup>me</sup> Adelina Patti; Pierotto, M<sup>me</sup> Scacchi; Antonio, Signor Cotogni; Il Prefetto, Signor de Reszké; Il Marchese, Signor Clampi; and Carlo, Signor Marini. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

LAST WEEK BUT TWO OF THE SEASON.

MONDAY next, July 4th, "LOHENGGRIN" (commencing at Eight o'clock). M<sup>me</sup> Albani, M<sup>me</sup> Firsich-Madier, Signor Cotogni, Signor Silvestri, M. Dauphin, and Signor Gayarre. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

TUESDAY next, July 5th, "ROMEO E GIULIETTA." M<sup>me</sup> Adelina Patti, M. Dauphin, Signor Cotogni, Signor de Reszké, and Signor Nicolini.

THURSDAY next, July 7th, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO."

Doors open at Eight o'clock; the Opera commences at Half-past.

The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 10s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

**MR JOHN THOMAS** (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen) begs to announce that his **GRAND HARP CONCERT** will take place at **St James's Hall**, on **THURSDAY Morning, July 7th**, at **Three o'clock**. Harp Solos, Songs with Harp Accompaniment, Duets for two Harps, and several Compositions for a **BAND OF HARPS**. Vocalists—M<sup>me</sup> Marie Roze, Miss Henrietta Beebe, and Miss Damian; Mr W. H. Cummings and Mr William Shakespeare, Mr Lewis Thomas and Mr Santley. Harp—Mr John Thomas, Master Thomas Barker, and Mr T. H. Wright. Band of Harps—Mrs Wright, Misses V. Trust, Marian Board, Edith Brand, Adelaide Arnold, Lucy Leach, Florence Chaplin, Amy Lavington, Mary Saunders, Haldée Hemming, Master Thomas Barker, and Mr T. H. Wright. Conductor—MR JOHN THOMAS. Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Admission, 2s. 6d.: to be obtained of the principal Music-sellers and Librarians; at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; and of Mr JOHN THOMAS, 53, Welbeck Street, W.

## BEETHOVEN'S POSTHUMOUS QUARTETS

**MM. J. LUDWIG and H. DAUBERT'S CHAMBER CONCERTS** (Fifth Season).—THE **FOURTH CONCERT** on **THURSDAY next, July 7th**, at the **ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERT ROOM**, at **Eight o'clock**. Pianoforte—M<sup>me</sup> Frickenhau. Vocalist—Mr Bernard Lane. Tickets, 7s., 3s., and 1s.; at the usual Agents; of **Herr LUDWIG**, 18, Park Place Villas, Maid's Hill; and of **Herr DAUBERT**, 1a, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W.

**MDME SAINTON-DOLBY'S VOCAL ACADEMY.**—THE **SECOND SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT** by the Students will take place at **STEINWAY HALL**, on **THURSDAY Afternoon next, July 7th**. Vocalists—Misses Woodhatch, Fusselle, Amy Carter, Frances Carew, Winthrop, Pedley, Lizzie Clark, and Mrs Tuer, Miss Blackwell, and Miss Damian (former Students). At the Pianoforte—Mr Leopold. Conductor—MR SAINTON. Particulars of the Concert and Academy can be had of **MDME SAINTON-DOLBY**, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, where tickets may be had; also of Ashbee & Holloway, 33, Spring Street, Hyde Park; and at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street.

**STEINWAY HALL**, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square. Under distinguished Patronage. **MDME DUKAS VAN NOORDEN** has the honour to announce an **EVENING CONCERT**, on **WEDNESDAY next, July 6th**, at **Eight o'clock**, with the assistance of **MDME Osborne Williams**, Miss Adèle Myers, Signor Rla, Mr James Sauvage, &c., and a Chorus of Young Ladies (amateurs) pupils of **MDME DUKAS VAN NOORDEN**. Pianoforte—Signor Tito Mattel. Conductors—**SIR JULIUS BENEDECT** and **Signor La Calst**. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; to admit Three, £1 1s. Balcony, 3s. Tickets may be obtained at the Steinway Hall, and of **MDME DUKAS VAN NOORDEN**, 24, Durham Terrace, W.

**HERR TWADAR NACHÉZ** begs to announce that his **MORNING CONCERT** will take place on **WEDNESDAY next, July 6th**, at **Three o'clock** precisely, in the **MARLBOROUGH ROOMS**, 307, Regent Street, W., when he will be kindly assisted by the following distinguished artists: Vocalists—Miss José Sherrington and Signor Isidore de Lara; Pianists—**SIR JULIUS BENEDECT** and **Mr W. G. Cousins**. Conductor—**SIGNOR RANDEGGER**. The Programme will include: Violin Concerto (Beethoven); Selections for Violin (Bach); Sonata and "Oberon" Fantasia (Sir Julius Benedict); some new Hungarian Gipsy Melodies, &c., &c. Tickets, One Guinea and Half-a-Guinea, may be obtained of Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Mr Alfred Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and of **Herr TWADAR NACHÉZ**, 27, Russell Road, Kensington, W.

**MR EDWIN SUCH** will give a grand Orchestral Performance of his new Cantata, "NARCISSUS AND ECHO," at the **ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, on **WEDNESDAY Evening next, July 6th**. Vocalists—Miss M. Davies, Miss H. Glenn, Mr Cummings, and Herr Duvernoy. Principal Violin—Herr J. Ludwig. Tickets at Lamborn Cook's, 23, Holles Street; Novello, Ewer & Co., Berners Street; at the Royal Academy; and of Mr Such, 25, Anger Road, N.W.

"KILLARNEY."

**MDME ALICE BARTH** will sing **BALFE's** popular Song, "KILLARNEY," at Mr Weist Hill's Promenade Concert, at Hengler's Cirque, Argyll Street, on **Wednesday Evening, July 6th**.

A PIANOFORTE QUARTET.

**SIR JULIUS BENEDECT**, Herr GANZ, Mr BENDING, and Mr LINDSAY SLOPER will play **BENEDECT's** Arrangement of his own **ANDANTE**, and **CHOPIN's POSTHUMOUS MAZURKA** for four performers on two pianofortes, at the **Grand International English and American Concert**, at the **Royal Albert Hall**, on **Monday, July 4th**.

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The *Weiner Zeitung* (Vienna Court Journal) wrote on the above song:—"Wenn sich 2 Herzen scheiden" ("The Two Hearts") belongs to the most beautiful songs that the German music possesses. The melody, tender and thrilling, rises gradually to a passionate degree, and the accompaniment is formed of a rich and original harmony. Besides this, the song is suited to all voices, its compass being limited to an octave, from F to F." The success that this song has obtained has induced the publisher to publish the various Transcriptions for piano and several other instruments, which will be widely spread, on account of the brilliant and easy manner in which they are written.

SHAKSPEARE'S *COMEDY OF ERRORS* AT LIVERPOOL.

JUNE, 1881.

The *Comedy of Errors*, recently selected by Mr Edward Saker, as the subject of his fourth Shakspearian revival, at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, has been so seldom represented of late years, that some description of its antecedents may not be altogether without interest.

Although only printed in 1623, the *Comedy of Errors* was one of its author's earliest plays, having been written as far back as 1502. Whether the idea was derived—as has been contended by some of his commentators—from an old court-drama, entitled *A Historie of Erroure*, performed by the choir-boys of St Paul's Cathedral, in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, at Hampton Court, on New Year's night, 1576, and the manuscript of which has not been preserved, or from the far more venerable *Menæchmi*, of Plautus—who flourished, be it understood, some two centuries before the Christian era—does not very clearly appear. As the dramas enacted by the boys of St Paul's school, however, were invariably founded upon classical stories, it is probable that both were borrowed from the same Latin source, but in Shakspeare's play the original plot, at any rate, was considerably altered. The serious interest was added, the twin brothers were supplemented by twin servants, so as to increase the imbroglia, the character of the goldsmith was introduced, whilst those of a courtesan and parasite, who figured prominently in the original, were entirely suppressed, and the scene shifted from Epidamnus—the modern Durazzo—in Illyricum, to Ephesus in Asia Minor.

The *Comedy of Errors* seems to have been acted for the first time, at Gray's Inn, during the Christmas week of 1594, and was then described as "*A Comedie of Erroures*, like to Plautus his *Menæchmus*," a fact which might be assumed to set at rest the question of its origin. It was also performed, before James the First, at Whitehall, on the 28th of December, 1604, under the title of *The Plaie of Erroures*, the name of Shaxberd being inserted in the margin of the printed announcement, as "the Poet which mayd the Plaie."

For considerably over a century from the latter date, we hear no more of it. The *Comedy of Errors* evidently shared the general oblivion into which the Poet, and his writings, sank, during the days of the Stuarts, and long afterwards. In October, 1734, however, we find a comedy in two acts, "taken from Plautus, and Shakspeare," called *See if you like it; or, 'Tis all a Mistake*, recorded as brought out at Covent Garden. This piece was clearly founded upon the *Comedy of Errors*, though the names of the characters were altered. The original was revived at Drury Lane, for a few—four or five—nights, in November and December, 1741. The cast, unfortunately, has been lost, but there is a well-founded tradition, attested by Kirkman, that Macklin, on these occasions, played Dromio of Syracuse. Another version, entitled *Twins; or, Comedy of Errors*, was given at Covent Garden, in April, 1762, and the play—with alterations by Hull—was also put up at the same theatre, in January, 1779. In 1793, Pope played Antipholus of Syracuse, and Holman, Antipholus of Ephesus, to the Dromios of Munden and Quick, and the Adriana of Mrs Mattocks,—at Covent Garden, at which theatre it was again given, in June, 1793.

From this time we meet with no trace of the *Comedy of Errors*, until April, 1808, when Charles Kemble appeared as Antipholus of Ephesus, supported by Pope, Munden, Blanchard, and Mrs Gibbs. It was also played on two evenings in 1811, with Mrs Egerton as Luciana. It was next re-fashioned into an operatic spectacle—with songs, duets, glees, and choruses, selected from the compositions of Arne, Stevens, Sir John Stevenson, and Mozart, interpolated—for Covent Garden, in December, 1819. Miss Stephens was the Adriana, Miss M. Tree, Luciana, Jones and Duruset, were the two Antipholuses, William Farren, and Liston, the Dromios. The Times critic of that day excused the musical interpolations, as being "a license to be treated with the greater indulgence, as the play had never before kept possession of the stage." Another writer suggested that this latest adaptation should be called not the *Comedy*, but the *Opera of Errors*. The adaptation was by Reynolds, and whatever might be its faults, it had at least the merit of success, since it was repeated twenty-seven times, in that season, and revived at intervals, during the

following one. Reynolds's version was also played at Drury Lane, for the benefit of Miss Stephens, with Mme Vestris as Luciana, in June, 1824.

The *Comedy of Errors* was included in the Shakspearian repertory of Sadler's Wells, by Mr Phelps, who reproduced the play in its integrity, with no extraneous music or pageantry, and with merely such scenic appliances as were sufficient to properly illustrate, without retarding, the action, in November, 1855. Messrs Henry Marston, Frederic Robinson, Barrett, Lewis Ball, and Charles Fenton, Misses Travers, and Margaret Eburne, were the principal exponents, at the old playhouse in Islington. It was next given as an afterpiece—the curtain not being lowered between the acts—by Mr George Vining, at the Princess's Theatre early in 1864. On this occasion Mr Henry Webb and his brother, Mr Charles Webb, were the Dromios. Their extraordinary personal resemblance made this revival something of a theatrical curiosity, but the dramatic interest was sensibly weakened by the total want of similarity between the representatives of the other pair of twins, who were respectively—and unsuccessfully—attempted by Mr Vining and Mr John Nelson. The *Comedy of Errors* was one of the pieces selected for representation, on the celebration of the Shakspeare tercentenary, at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the same year. It again appeared as an afterpiece with the Brothers Webb at Drury Lane, in the autumn of 1866, and since that time it has not, as far as we are aware, been heard of anywhere until now.

The present revival at the Alexandra Theatre is marked by all that care, completeness, and good taste, which have distinguished the previous efforts of the lessee, in this line, without any of their shortcomings. It is scarcely too much to say that we have nowhere—and at no time—witnessed any play of Shakspeare better got up, or, with one exception, more evenly acted, than the *Comedy of Errors* at Liverpool. Mr Charles Vandenhoff gives a very spirited and impressive rendering of Antipholus of Ephesus, whilst the lighter characteristics of his Syracusan brother are correspondingly hit off by Mr Frank Rodney, a young actor of much promise, who has already made his mark in the metropolis. The clearness of Mr Rodney's enunciation is everywhere to be noted, and specially in the speech:

"He that commends me to mine own content  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get."

The humour of the Dromios is worked up to a point little short of perfection by Mr T. F. Doyle (Dromio of Syracuse) and Mr Lionel Brough (Dromio of Ephesus), who carry their audience with them in every scene. It may well be questioned whether these parts were ever more faithfully portrayed before. The speeches of the Duke are emphatically declaimed by Mr F. Merer, and Mr Alfred Raymond makes an excellent Ægeon. The Balthazar of Mr Sainsbury and the Angelo of Mr Braggington are thoroughly good Shakspearian performances. Mr W. Bunch seems sufficiently grotesque and amusing in the trifling part of Pinch. Mrs Saker is, in every respect, admirable as Adriana, carefully steering clear of anything like exaggeration; and, by her attractive presence and graceful bearing, imparting dignity and tenderness, to a character which, in less able hands, would probably appear shrewish and unsympathetic. Mrs Saker, unfortunately, obtains little support from the Luciana, who is certainly much below the mark. The point of the fine passage—

"There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky;  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls  
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish or fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords,"

is wholly lost, owing to the indistinctness of its delivery. Lesbia and Luce are very nicely played by a *débutante*, Miss Kempster, and Miss Fanny Thorne; and, lastly, Mrs Henry Vandenhoff merits every praise for her well-measured utterance of the lines pertaining to the small, but by no means insignificant, character of the Abbess.

In preparing the *Comedy of Errors* for the Alexandra Theatre, Mr Saker has received valuable assistance from the Hon Lewis Wingfield, who, in addition to designing the dresses, has contri-



buted many important suggestions for the entire getting up of the play. By assigning the middle of the fifteenth century for its date, Mr Wingfield has done away with much that was hitherto inconsistent in the plot. Early in that century Ephesus had finally fallen into the hands of the Turks, and was then governed by a Viceroy, who may thus be easily regarded as the "Duke" of Shakspeare's story. Moreover, as an edict had been issued, about the same period, permitting the free exercise of their religion to the Christians, the anachronism of an Abbess and her sisters moving, and having their dwelling in the heart of a pagan city, is thus ingeniously got rid of. Scope is also thus afforded for an effective amalgamation of various styles of architecture, in the general *mise-en-scène*. With a few unimportant excisions, the text has been preserved with the strictest fidelity, but the action has been judiciously compressed into three acts, in place of the original five, and each of these is illustrated by a single set-scene, painted, in quite his finest manner, by Mr John Brunton, the artist permanently attached to the theatre. In the first we discern the house of Antipholus of Ephesus, placed by the side of a ruined temple, the columns of which strew the foreground; beyond is the Stadium and a view of the open country, bounded, in the far distance, by a chain of snow-capped mountains, and by the sapphire-blue waters of the Levant. The second scene depicts a colonnade, leading to a succession of rose-covered terraces, and a fountain, with the city of Ephesus beyond. The third shows the exterior of the Priory, a massive specimen of Byzantine-Gothic, solidly built upon the stage.

The effect of these exquisite pictures—for such they are—is yet further enhanced by the motley crowd of courtiers, merchants, sailors, slaves, and women, who continually move to and fro upon the scene, clad in every variety of southern and Oriental garb. As regards the costumes, Mr Wingfield has surpassed himself in richness, as well as in the singularly effective blending and contrast of colours, but great credit is also due to the clever and courteous stage-manager, Mr G. W. Harris, for his very skilful training of the supernumeraries entrusted to his charge. The stage-management of the Alexandra was always good. It is particularly so in the present production. The exertions of the conductor, Mr Ross, also must not be overlooked. The musical arrangements are in all respects noteworthy, including the fresh and tuneful singing, by the Alexandra Choir, of a hymn, behind the scenes, at the beginning of the third act. Lastly, it is only to be regretted—however well he may have been replaced—that the lessee should have been too unwell to carry out his original intention of appearing personally as Dromio of Syracuse. This would not only have afforded additional gratification to his patrons, but would also have given them the opportunity of publicly testifying to their appreciation of his unwearied exertions on their behalf. We heartily trust that his illness is merely temporary, and that he—and we—may live to witness many more such interesting—and such truly artistic—revivals, on the boards of the Alexandra Theatre. It offers no disparagement to Mr Saker's previous efforts, to affirm that the *Comedy of Errors* is by far the best thing which he has yet done. And it is precisely the absence of all mere superfluous and meretricious display, in the way of spectacle, which here constitutes its most signal charm. Wishing him better health, and speedy convalescence, we have only, in conclusion—and in all sincerity—to bid him "Go on, and prosper" in his good work.

Garrick Club, June 27, 1881.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

ANNA ZERR.—Mlle Anna Zerr, the once celebrated *bravura* singer, died recently, at Carlsruhe, in her 59th year. Between 1840 and 1850, she belonged, with Mlle Hasselt-Barth, Ander, Erl, Standigl, and Formes, to the Kärntnerthor Theater, Vienna. Her best part was the Queen of Night, in *Die Zauberflöte*. She was the first heroine of Flotow's *Martha*, in which she was immensely successful. The fact of her singing at London, at a concert for the benefit of the Hungarian exiles in 1849, drew upon her the displeasure of the authorities connected with the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, and led to her severing her connection with that institution. She sang subsequently in London, at the Royal Italian Opera, with great success, but, soon after, retired from the stage. Since then she resided on her estate near Carlsruhe.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The doings at this house are increasing in interest as the season goes on. On Thursday week, for example, the second of two popular revivals took place; the first being that of Bizet's *Carmen*, which has already been given thrice, and now awaits its fourth representation, with Mlle Minnie Hauk as the wilful and unfortunate heroine. We are not called upon to speak of much change in the cast of this favourite work, Signor Runcio and Signor del Puente, as well as Mlle Hauk, having resumed their old parts, and the sole material difference being the appearance of Mlle Dotti, as Micaela. Under circumstances like these we need not enter upon either description or criticism. Enough that Mlle Hauk, by her singularly vigorous and daring conception of the Gipsy's character, and Signor del Puente by his admirable embodiment of the Torreador, give zest to the enjoyment of an opera full of abiding charm, and certain to be held in favour, for itself alone.

The revival of Boito's *Mefistofele*, which had been anticipated since the beginning of the season, was delayed, we understand, until Signor Nannetti could return to this country and resume the title character. We can easily believe that Mr Mapleson is not to blame for the postponement of a work which saved his enterprise last year at a critical moment. He has brought it forward, no doubt, at the earliest possible time, and may be depended upon to extract from it all the benefit it will yield while the doors of the house remain open. The satisfaction arising out of this will not be his alone. Previous representations of Boito's remarkable opera have only served to stimulate an appetite for many more. Fascinated by its originality and boldness, the public are ready for *Mefistofele* to any extent, and it was as a matter of course that on Thursday a very large audience came eagerly for a first instalment. They were rewarded with a performance not far from very good—a result easily anticipated, by the way, since it was known that Mme Christine Nilsson would again bring to the parts of Marguerite and Helen both ability and enthusiasm; that Signor Campanini, fresh from American successes, would once more play Faust, and that Signor Nannetti, the Fiend of Boito's own predilection, would repeat his characteristic and powerful embodiment. There was no longer, it is true, a Mme Trebelli to lend the attraction of her voice and style to the music of Pantalà, but, with Mlle Belocca as a substitute, and with the well-trained chorus and admirable *mise-en-scène* of last year, who could doubt that *Mefistofele* would prove a success? This happened in due course, and will probably have to be recorded of the opera again and again during the present season. For details of a performance under conditions so familiar there can be no need. Let it suffice to say that the extremely poetical conception of Mme Nilsson, well supported on all hands, secured a representation of eminent merit. Signor Arditì conducted in his most zealous and, at the same time, most careful manner.—(June 25.)

Young people who aspire to tread the stage with honour and distinction must make a beginning somewhere. Years ago the proper place was thought to be some provincial theatre, from the comparative obscurity of which the novice worked his way to the front, gathering experience and skill as he went. We have changed all that. On our historic boards the most difficult parts are essayed by beginners, and in our metropolitan operahouses it is no very rare thing to find a *debutante* quite new to her work. The wisdom of this is more than questionable, but we cannot ignore the practice altogether, and therefore a few lines may be devoted to a record of the fact that, on Saturday evening, Miss Emma Juch, a young American lady, played Violetta in *La Traviata*. As it was understood that Miss Juch had had little or no previous experience, there could have been no surprise at her lack of the qualities essential to histrionic success. Those qualities are only developed by dint of labour, for which, in Miss Juch's case, opportunity has not served. It remains, therefore, to speak of the young lady as a vocalist, in which capacity she already knows how to deserve words of praise. Recitative lies beyond her, it is true, but she sang the airs of *La Traviata* with a voice so pleasing, and, especially in the high notes, so pure; she phrased with so much judgment, and sought with so much earnestness to be expressive, that a less sympathetic audience could not have refrained from demonstrations of approval and encouragement. As it was, the lady's youth, attractive appearance, and vocal gifts secured a flattering reception. Should Miss Juch be advised to work hard for some time to come in the minor lyric theatres of the continent or Italy, and should she act upon this counsel, we may expect her to return with qualifications justifying, not as to one point, but as to all, the conspicuous place she filled on Saturday night.—D. T., June 27th.

Wilhelmj and Vogrich, a short time since, left St Francisco for Australia, in company with Miss Conron (soprano.)



## HENRI VIEUXTEMPS.\*

(Continued from page 396.)

My Father and I now returned to Brussels, and the winter of 1834-35 was devoted to excursions in Belgium and Holland. In that of 1835-36 we went to Paris, where I worked principally at composition under Reicha. I now began trying my hand at something more important in form and idea than the "Air with Variations," then exclusively the fashion. My notion always was to combine the grand Viotti form of concerto with modern mechanism and exigencies, and I set about carrying it out, to the best of my power, in several pieces of different character, comprising some Concertinos, wherein I condensed as much as possible the three styles. These worthless essays were never printed, with the exception of the Concerto in F sharp major, which a publisher thought fit to publish, without my knowledge, as the Second Concerto. I performed them, however, during my travels in Germany from 1836 to 1837 on my way to Vienna, and from 1837 to 1838, when shaping my course for the first time towards St Petersburg, in company with Henselt, whom I met at Warsaw. They were everywhere well received and applauded. This first visit to St Petersburg encouraged my Father to return there the next year (the winter of 1838-39) with François Servais, my countryman and friend. After giving together a series of concerts at Riga, where we became exceedingly well acquainted with a young and amiable chapelmaster, Richard Wagner, we went to Dorpat and Narva. In the latter town I had a very severe illness, which compelled me to remain there three months with my Father, and it was there, too, that, during my nights of sleeplessness and fever, I conceived the germ of a piece, the "Fantaisie-Caprice," since become popular. In the winter of 1838-39, which had been lost through my illness, my Father resolved that we should go in the spring to St Petersburg, and wait there for the season of 1839-40. We spent the summer in the country, and it was in the neighbourhood of St Petersburg on the banks of a thread of a stream called the Tschornoretchka, that I wrote, with Servais, the Duet on *Les Huguenots*, besides composing my Concerto in E (Op. 10), and terminating the "Fantaisie-Caprice" (Op. 11), compositions which I played for the first time at the Grand Theatre, St Petersburg, on the 16th March, 1840, and which were received with enthusiasm and surprise. The sensation made was extraordinary and almost European, becoming more and more marked and stronger at Brussels (July, 1840), at Antwerp, on the occasion of Rubens' statue being inaugurated there (August, 1840), and particularly on my re-appearance at the Conservatory Concerts, Paris (12th January, 1840). It was a revelation become legendary, a genuine consecration. I remained in the great capital all the winter of 1841, and in the spring went to London. I visited Belgium and Holland from 1841 to 1842; Germany and Austria, particularly Vienna and Pesth, 1842 to 1843.

Towards the end of 1843 I embarked for New York, where I remained for a considerable part of the winter of 1844. I visited, successively, Boston, Albany, and a large portion of the Northern States, crossed the Gulf of Mexico, and played in Vera Cruz, Mexico, and Havannah; then, re-entering the United States at New Orleans, I ascended the river Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio; saw Washington and Philadelphia, and, at last, in the month of July, started from New York for Europe. These distant wanderings had not the results which people might imagine. At that period the inhabitants of the United States of America were not smitten with music-mania as at the present day. I went there too soon; I was too classical for them, and, with the exception of a few choice spirits who could appreciate my efforts, the only thing with which I could charm the Yankees and excite their enthusiasm was their national theme: "Yankee Doodle," with which I became popular, and, whether I would or no, made my mark, opening up the road for others. It was on my return from these long and fatiguing travels that I published Op. 6, Variations on a Theme from *Il Pirata*: Op. 7 and 8, Seven Romances without Words; Op. 9, "Hommage à Paganini"; Op. 10, Grand Concerto in E major; Op. 11, "Fantaisie-Caprice"; Op. 12, Sonata for Piano and Violin; Op. 13, Duet on *Oberon*, with Ed. Wolff; Op. 14, Duet on *Le Duc d'Orléans*, with Ed. Wolff; Op. 15, "Les Arpèges"; Op. 16, "Six Etudes de Concert"; Op. 17,

"Souvenir d'Amérique sur 'Yankee Doodle'"; Op. 18, "Norma, for the Fourth String"; and Op. 19, "Concerto in F sharp minor." Whether in a railway carriage, or on board a steamer, I never ceased composing. But this over-excitement was destined to be followed by unfortunate results, and the state of my health forced me to go through a long curative process at Cannstadt (August, September, and October, 1844). I composed there my Concerto in A major (Op. 25), which I played for the first time at Brussels (January, 1845), and afterwards in several other Belgian cities. I performed it, also, a good deal in London during the season, and, the year following, in Germany, at Vienna, Pesth, Berlin, &c.

(To be continued.)

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

*Romeo et Juliette* was added to the repertory of the season at this house, on Thursday night, with Mme Adeline Patti as the woeful heroine. M. Gounod should feel himself much indebted to the great artist. She keeps his Shaksperian opera alive in Shakspeare's country, and prevents him from becoming a kind of "Single-speech Hamilton" among those of his order who have a place on our lyric stage. In ascribing this result to Mme Patti we do not exaggerate. There may, of course, be some who hold that Signor Nicolini, as Romeo, has to do with it, and others may contend that the music was not written with a pen dipped in water poured among the dregs of the ink-bottle which served for *Fuust*. Few amateurs, however, can imagine the lyric *Romeo et Juliette* without Mme Patti. It would be as desolate as one of the Veronese lovers without the other. Whereas, having the magic of her help, it yields real pleasure and commands absorbing interest. Mme Patti's efforts on Thursday night were as valuable as ever, and her success was due to the accustomed cause—to singing which from the gay waltz to the last note in the tomb came as near perfection as possible, and to acting that in the poison scene reached a climax of rare power. How Mme Patti was re-called and applauded from time to time can be imagined. Mlle Guercia, as Stefania, sang her air in promising style. Excellent service was also rendered by Signor de Reské, as Friar Lawrence, his singing being thoroughly artistic. M. Dauphin was a good Capulet, and Signor Cotogni made his usual effect in the Queen Mab legend. How Signor Nicolini did his work as Romeo we need not be at the pains to tell, nor is it imperative to add that he made many present turn their thoughts back to the Romeo of Mario, Conte di Candia.

Rubinstein's *Il Demonio* was played a second time on Saturday night, with an inevitable abatement of interest. In the first place, the distinguished composer did not superintend the performance, his place being taken by Signor Bevignani; while, as a matter of course, curiosity about the unrevealed had evaporated with the first representation, and the public criticisms which followed. This, however, was not all. The opera met with a decidedly cold reception from its second audience, and passed off with more of tameness than could have been expected. As far as this was due to the execution of the work, it would be unfair, perhaps, to seek a cause in the change of conductors. Signor Bevignani had superintended all save the last two rehearsals, and his perfect acquaintance with the subject could no more be impeached than the skill he always displays. We are nearer the mark in surmising that the executants were not so much "on their mettle" as when working under the master's eye, and influenced by the zeal which a great occasion inspires. In a little while no provocation to contrast will be felt. The opera will then have settled down under normal conditions, and we shall have "this picture" to look upon, without a "that" by its side.—D. T.

FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The prize offered by the Corporation for the best opera is awarded to *Käthchen von Heilbronn*, music by Carl Rheinthal, libretto by Heinrich Bulthaupt. The successful work will be produced early next season at the New Stadttheater.

BERLIN.—The 18th inst. was the sixtieth anniversary of the production of *Der Freischütz*, which, brought out for the first time on the 18th June, 1821, was the first opera performed in the then but recently built Theatre Royal. *Der Freischütz* has been played in Berlin some 500 times, the first 200 representations, as shown in the accounts of the Theatres Royal, bringing in nearly 94,000 thalers. It has also been given here at the Königstädtisches Theater (in Italian), Kroll's, Woltersdorff's, the Luisenstädtisches, Reunion (now the Central), Thalia, and Borussia. In Paris it had been played altogether, up to July, 1880, 670 times.

\* From *Le Gazette Musicale*.

## SAUL.\*

## A SACRED CANTATA.

BY J. STEWART.

## CHARACTERS.

Saul, King of Israel.  
David.  
Jonathan.

Samuel, the Prophet.  
Abner, Captain of the host.

Chorus of Israelites, &amp;c.

*Argument.*

The power of Saul is broken.—Samuel, the prophet, has sternly denounced the King for his disobedience to the Most High God, in not utterly destroying the Amalekites at the battle of Havilah.—David is anointed in Bethlehem. He enters the lists with Goliath, and slays him.—Saul becomes jealous of David's growing popularity, and seeks his life.—David becomes a fugitive, and is "hunted as a partridge on the mountains."—Samuel dies, and is buried in Ramah.—The Philistines again take the field, and utterly rout the armies of Saul.—Death of Saul and his three sons.

*Scene.*—The valley of Elah. On a ridge to the right are encamped the Philistine hosts, to the left the armies of Israel.

1.—*Opening Chorus.*

Arm of the Lord awake, awake,  
Hope of the faithful break, O break  
The proud array of Judah's foe,  
Scatter them wide as the breezes blow.

2.—*Recit.*—JONATHAN.

Hark to the tones of defiance!  
"Choose ye a man of reliance,  
And let him come down to the fight."

3.—*Duet*—DAVID and JONATHAN.

The challenge is ringing  
O'er mountain and plain,  
But Saul and his chieftains  
Repeat not the strain.

4.—*Chorus.*

See! Israel's champion draweth nigh,  
With staff, and stone, and sling,  
Girt round about on every side  
By God the Lord, our King.

5.—*Air*—SAMUEL.

O trust in the Lord, His omnipotent arm  
Is outstretched to protect His people from harm;  
Though danger is rife, and the wicked oppose,  
Jehovah will conquer His infidel foes.

The Anakim clad in brass to the heel,  
The mysterious power of Jehovah shall feel;  
No more shall the valley re-echo his tread,  
This night shall his sleep be that of the dead.

6.—*Duet*—DAVID and JONATHAN.

Fear not, O Judah, great is He  
Who fighteth on our side,  
When God doth gird His sword on thigh,  
His wrath who can abide?

7.—*Recit.*—ABNER.

Ah! the look of disdain gives place to affright,  
As the stone from the sling in its arrowy flight  
Sinks deep in his forehead—he falls on his face,  
And Death grips him fast in his icy embrace.

8.—*Chorus.*

O Daughter of Zion, cry out!  
Rejoice, thy salvation is near,  
List! list! the victorious shout,  
Away with foreboding and fear.

\* Copyright.

9.—*Air*—DAVID.

Oh, valley of Elah, red, red is thy sod,  
Fierce carnage betokens the vengeance of God,  
Thy ridges still echo the curses of Gath,  
Borne back on the wings of omnipotent wrath.

The arrogant taunt of the Philistine host  
Is drowned in the wail of the vanquished and lost,  
The might of their leader in death is laid low,  
And the war-path to Ekron is strewn with the foe.  
Like mist on the mountain when breaketh the day,  
As deer when hard press'd flee to covert away,  
So fly the proud rebels, in broken retreat,  
While Gath and Shaaraim bewail their defeat.

Thus perish all those who with impious pride  
The Lord God of battles would vainly deride;  
When His anger is kindled, 'twill blaze o'er the land,  
And the upright alone shall be able to stand.

10.—*Recit.*—JONATHAN.

From gory battle-field with stone and sling,  
Summoned to attend the presence of the King,  
This youth of ruddy face advances,  
Accompanied with songs and dances.  
Lo! where he comes, by Abner led,  
For trophy in his hand the foeman's head.

11.—*Chorus.*

He comes! the victor comes!  
Unlaurell'd is his brow,  
Raise high the choral song,  
Acclaim him victor now!  
He comes! he comes!  
Acclaim him victor now!

12.—*Recit.*—ABNER.

Hark! what sounds are those I hear,  
Forboding times of danger near.

13.—*Chorus.*

Saul hath slain his thousands—  
Only his thousands,  
But David hath slain his tens—  
His tens of thousands.

14.—*Air*—SAUL.

Great Power Supreme! thy servant's curse  
Still lingers in mine ear;  
Dark falls the shade of Amalek  
Upon a kingly bier.

Methinks I see the kingdom rent;  
The Lord's anointed slain;  
The crown upon this stripling's head  
Who follows in our train.

This must not be. Who dare aspire  
Our regal throne to fill,  
Yon sun shall set upon his grave—  
Such is our royal will.

By craft his death must be achieved;  
In forefront of the fight  
Let Philistine encompass him  
For ever from our sight.

15.—*Duet*—DAVID and JONATHAN.

I { will not fear the wrath of man,  
He {  
For God is on { my { side;  
                                  { his {  
In His pavilion most secure,  
His servant He shall hide.

16.—*Recit.*—ABNER.

Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul.  
And Jonathan stripped himself of his robe even to his sword, his bow, and his girdle, and gave them to David.

## 17.—Chorus.

How strong is love!  
 'Twill scale the highest peak  
 Of total self-surrender;  
 Heaven's choicest gift,  
 Sole ray of light divine,  
 How strong and yet how tender!

## 18.—Recit. and Air—DAVID.

Oh! that I had wings like a dove,  
 Then would I fly away and be at rest.

O fruitful fields of vernal green,  
 How lovely and how fair,  
 In all thy wealth of verdure clad,  
 To hearts oppress'd with care!  
 Thy rustic peace and sweet content,  
 How free from courtly strife!  
 Do thou afford a hiding place  
 From him who seeks my life.

O sweet, sweet stream! thy rhythmic flow,  
 How soothing to the mind  
 That's furrowed o'er with blighted hopes,  
 And treachery unkind.  
 Canst thou not in thy pleasant glades  
 Secure retreat afford,  
 Till summoned forth again to fight  
 The battles of the Lord?

[An interval of several months takes place. The scene changes to the plain of Shunem, with Mount Gilboa in the distance.]

## 19.—Chorus.

Blest are the dead  
 That die in the Lord,  
 They rest from their labours,  
 And reap their reward.

## 20.—Air—DAVID.

In Ramah a voice of weeping is heard,  
 'Tis the voice of anguish and woe;  
 Dark, dark is the cloud that encircles the king,  
 For the prophet of God lieth low.

The red field of war that looms from afar  
 In mercy is hid from his sight,  
 Where Saul and his sons lie wounded to death,  
 And Israel is scattered in flight.

The Lord whom he served so faithful and well  
 Hath taken His servant to rest;  
 The last of his line—he hath fallen asleep  
 To wake in the home of the blest.

O publish it not in the streets of Gath,  
 Tell it not on Philistia's shore,  
 Lest the prophets of Baal blaspheme and exult,  
 For the prophet of God is no more.

## 21.—Chorus.

Hark! 'tis the wail for the dead  
 That floats on the morning air,  
 'Twill nerve our arm for the fight,  
 Let the infidel horde beware!

## 22.—Recit.—ABNER.

On the Shunammite plain at break of the day,  
 The Philistine Lords with their serried array,  
 Are eager to sweep o'er the land like a flood,  
 Their gods to appease in a deluge of blood.

## 23.—Duet—JONATHAN and ABNER.

Why quails the King before the might  
 Of Israel's ancient foe?  
 It bodeth ill for Israel's cause—  
 Why doth he tremble so?

## Recit. and Air—JONATHAN.

The spirit of God hath departed from Saul,  
 Nor Urim nor Thummim respond to his call,  
 In dreams of the night no answer doth come,  
 And the prophets of God are silent—are dumb!

Why dost Thou hide Thy face, O God?

Thy pardon now we crave;  
 Return, O Lord, and visit us,  
 Give peace, protect, and save.

Thy people here confess their sins,  
 In tears they humbly bow,  
 Give ear, O gracious Lord, while they  
 Renew the fervent vow.

Encompassed round on every side,  
 Our hearts are filled with fear,  
 Because Thy smile we cannot see,  
 Thy voice we cannot hear.

Lead us, O Lord, against the foe,  
 Our drooping spirits raise,  
 Grant us to triumph in Thy name,  
 And Thine shall be the praise,

## 25.—Chorus.

Up, quit thy tents, O Israel,  
 And gird thee for the fight!  
 Beneath the banner of the Lord  
 Go, battle for the right.

## 26.—Recit. and Air—ABNER.

Lo! disaster complete  
 Smites the Israelite host,  
 On the right, left, and centre,  
 They waver—are lost!  
 Mid lightning and thunder  
 The horsemen are flying,  
 Come, night, with thy mantle  
 And cover the dying.

O fateful Gilboa! sad, sad is the hour  
 That strikes the death-knell to Saul and his power;  
 Up, up thy steep sides, by archers hard press'd,  
 The mighty are falling, unhallowed, unblest.

The kingdom is rent, oh dreadful the sight!  
 Th' anointed of God lies slain in the fight,  
 Around him his sons in death are laid low,  
 And their homes are ablaze in the valley below.

## 27.—Finale.

Hail to the King who in exile is wand'ring!  
 Come to our aid, thou bless'd of the Lord;  
 Bright Star of Judah! we wait but thy advent,  
 To utterly rout the infidel horde.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The next concert of the Schubert Society will take place on Wednesday next, the 6th inst., for Herr Schubert's benefit, and we have no doubt that it will be a bumper, for to the energy and perseverance of the director the great success of the Society is mainly due.

MR BERGSON'S NEW OPERETTA.—Among successful entertainments of the past week may be noted a musical and dramatic recital by Professor M. Bergson, late principal of the Geneva Conservatoire, whose operetta, *Qui va à la chasse perd sa place*, was performed, for the first time in England, at St George's Hall, and much appreciated. The spirited music is a combination of pathos and mirth, the Man-servant (Mr St Maur) humming comic reminiscences ament his wife, Mrs Ne'er-do-well, and the heroine, Elvira (Miss Bertha Foresta), singing tender plaintive airs. The brilliant singing and acting of Miss Foresta aroused enthusiasm, the comic acting of Mr St Maur kept people amused, and Mr H. Seymour's singing won much applause. Before the operetta, vocal and instrumental pieces by Mr Bergson were given. The best of these was "Un Orage dans les Lagunes," a pianoforte solo, descriptive of a storm interrupting a love song in the Gulf of Venice.—*Whitehall Review*, June 23.



## FORM OR DESIGN IN VOCAL MUSIC.

## THE BALLAD, OR PEOPLE'S SONG.

(Continued from page 401.)

From about the time of the Norman Conquest begin those narrative songs of chivalry which were called Lays, Gestes, or Romances. The latter name was given them from the Romance tongue in which so many of them were written; a mixture of the Frank language and Latin spoken in France after the disuse of Latin, about the ninth century.

The Romances seem to have been frequently translated from one language to another, and the subjects interchanged between different countries. Thus the Romances of England and France interchange the subjects of King Arthur and his Round Table, and of Charlemagne; while those of Germany and Italy, besides their own heroes, have both the English and French subjects.

From these Lays, as well as from histories of that and earlier date, we learn that the minstrels and harpers, as well as being poets, singers, and genealogists, were accustomed to use gesticulation, mimicry, and even dancing and sleight of hand; and that they were protected and honoured friends as well as attendants of the great people of the land. A further proof of the estimation in which they were held is in the existence of the Minstrel College, which was retained until Elizabeth's time, and which was on a par with the Herald's College; and the King of the Minstrels like the King of the Heralds.

The earliest English poem of the Romance School, now extant, is that of Horn-child, of date about 1100. There are also Norman songs of about the same date, and songs of the Troubadours of Provence beginning from about 1162.

It is believed that the older the Scaldic or Minstrel poems are, the more true they are to historical fact; and that as the singer became the amuser rather than the instructor of his countrymen, so he embellished his narrative more and more with fiction, and more and more with impossible and unlikely incidents, and with less purity of treatment, until Chaucer began to ridicule their absurdities with his Rhyme of Sir Topas; and in the time of Queen Elizabeth the whole profession were classed among the vagabonds and sturdy beggars.

Percy tells us that minstrelsy of the old kind lasted in England, with some ebb and flow of prosperity, until the time of Elizabeth, and that the two last Lays were those of the Battle of Otterbourn and the Rising in the North. He judges that the new poets of that day were scholars of the study, rather than of nature, and that they wrote in a more finished style, but without the rugged strength of the itinerant poet; and that as printing became easier and cheaper, and the people could buy and read for themselves, the wandering reciter became less valued. In Ireland, minstrelsy remained in good repute until the end of the eighteenth century, and in Wales, even as late as the beginning of the nineteenth.

That the music of the Scaldic poems should not have been transmitted to us need be no matter of astonishment when we consider that notation in the early days of music was incomplete and difficult, and hence that the solo singer would be much more likely to trust to his memory (or imagination) for such short tunes as he required; nevertheless, some indications may be found of the style of the music.

Jornandes, in his book on the origin of the Goths, speaks of some of the earlier tribes before the Ostrogoths, who were accustomed to "sing the deeds of their forefathers with modulated tunes on the harp." There is a fragment of a poem of about 665 translated into Latin, and quoted in the life of St. Faron by Hildegaire, Bishop of Meaux under Charles the Bald. Hildegaire says of it: "A popular song was composed on the victory of Clothair over the Saxons, which flew from mouth to mouth, and the women sang it, dancing and beating their hands." M. Coussemaker, from whose book the above is taken, remarks: "The air must have been rhythmic and strongly cadenced if it could second the motions of the dance." Hymns (the only rhythmic sacred music used for several centuries) were used about the 9th century. These were rhythmic popular tunes, or imitations of them, with sacred words written to fit them, with the intention of turning the people from the profane songs which had been before sung to them. Huebald in the 9th century says that the players on flutes, citharas, and other instruments, and the singing men and women among the people,

used every effort to charm by the resources of their art the ears of all who listened to them.

The earliest secular music extant is not Scaldic, but consists of several songs of the 9th century, in the Latin which was spoken in France at that time, and written in imitation of the classical Latin poems. Some of these have rhythmic tunes written over the first verse. Others have only the name of a tune written over them, as if the tunes were popularly known. They are all in the neuma notation, the same which was in use from before the 8th century both for church and secular music. The following example, which accords with our key of F, is one of those translated by M. Coussemaker. It is on the battle of Fontenoy, about 841, and purports to be written by one who was present. It will be seen that the rhythm falls naturally into four bar phrases.

## Ex. 1.

Au - ro - ra cum pri - mo ma - ne te - tram  
 noc - tem di - vi - dens Sab - ba - tum non  
 il - lud fu - it, sed sa - tur - ni do - li -  
 um De - fra - ter - na rup - ta  
 pa - ce gau - det de - mon im - pi - us.

Undoubtedly there was part-singing of some kind at a very early date, though it is impossible to define it very accurately. There is the oft-quoted description by Gerald Barry, written about 1185, without which no account of old music seems complete. The Welsh "sing without uniformity of musical modulation, as elsewhere, but multifariously, and in many modes and tunes; so that in a crowd of singers, as is the manner of this people, as many heads as you see so many songs you hear and different voices, all finally under B soft with a charming sweetness, agreeing in one harmony and organic melody." Again: "In the northern parts of Great Britain, beyond the Humber and in the borders of Yorkshire, the English . . . use in singing a similar symphonic harmony,\* but only in two different or various tones and voices, the one murmuring the lower, the other at the same time in a soft and pleasing manner warbling the upper." This, he says, is "by ancient use, and as if now converted into nature by constant habit."

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—A second hearing of *Il Demonio* merely confirmed the impression created by the first. The excitement attaching to the presence of the composer in the orchestra was now wanting, and the opera had to appeal on its own account. The performance on the whole was better than on the previous occasion, which may be explained by the fact that the orchestra is more accustomed to Signor Bevilacqua's quiet but still resolute beat than to the arbitrary and irregular sway of Herr Rubinstein, who is guided chiefly by impulse. The house was for the most part cold and apathetic until the final duet between Tamara and the Demon, in which Mme Albani, putting forth all her artistic strength, and powerfully supported by M. Lassalle, succeeded in raising something like genuine enthusiasm. But the truth cannot be hidden. Beautiful in its way as is the conception of the Russian Michael Lermontoff, it is so handled in the operatic libretto as to leave but a pale reflex of the original, as any one may see by consulting the elegant and readable English translation of Mr

\* Harmony, in its sense of order and fitness, and not in its special application to music.

Alexander Condé Stephen, a second edition of which has just been issued. Another truth, too, should be borne in mind. However it might do for a "cantata," the poem is not amenable to musical treatment in a dramatic shape, being destitute of the dramatic element. With regard to Herr Rubinstein's share in the work enough has been said. That such music can ever become popular, in the literal acceptance of the term, it is hard to believe; nor will many be inclined to think that it faithfully reflects the spirit of the poem. Its chief fault in a strictly artistic sense is a marked indecision of style which prevents it from being classed under any recognized category. That it contains piquant and attractive passages, as well as some highly expressive, is unquestionable; but these hardly atone for its fragmentary character, want of balance, and a pall of monotony that overhangs the whole. Nevertheless, amateurs are indebted to the Covent Garden management for having brought forward *Il Démonio* at such pains and expense, if only because it has enabled them to form some notion of Herr Rubinstein's capacity as a composer for the stage, or because it has afforded Mme Albani a fresh opportunity of showing what a genuine artist she is. At the same time sincere admirers of this consummate vocalist must hope that she will not incur the risk of damaging such a voice as her's by too frequent exertion in music so trying, and in many instances ungrateful. She has, it is true, triumphed over its difficulties, and, having done so, it would be wise on her part to relinquish it in favour of others with organs more robust if less purely musical than her own. In the art of writing for voices the superiority of M. Gounod over Herr Rubinstein could not have been more convincingly demonstrated than in the opera of *Romeo et Juliette*. Here everything is vocal from the first scene to the last, and among its leading parts not one so more than that of the heroine, of which Mme Adeline Patti is the peerless representative. This following immediately upon the production of *Il Démonio* gave a fair opportunity for comparison; and it must be admitted that the comparison was by no means favourable to *Il Démonio*, to which, inequalities notwithstanding, it is essentially superior. To say nothing more, the fourth act of *Romeo et Juliette*—the scene of the last interview between the fate-stricken lovers until the one which witnesses the end of both, the consultation with Friar Lawrence, the swallowing of the sleeping draught, and the imagined death of Juliet—is worthy of Gounod at his best, and the surprise is that, with such an act alone, the opera is so rarely performed, even with Mme Patti at disposal. Often as the gifted lady has played Juliet in London, she has seldom played it more forcibly, more poetically, or sung the music with more exquisite feeling than on the present occasion, never shown more incontestably that great as is her vocal power her histrionic genius is on a par with it. Signor Nicolini acted the part of Romeo with real earnestness; Signor Cotogni was the Mercutio with whom we are agreeably acquainted, failing, as usual, however, to make much effect with the "Queen Mab" song which, besides being unsymmetrical in construction, is unduly elaborated in its orchestral accompaniment. The best Friar Lawrence we can remember is beyond comparison Signor De Reské, while M. Dauphin is a straightforward and hearty Capulet. Taken for all in all, the performance was decidedly effective; but *Romeo et Juliette* deserves more careful rehearsal and more frequent representations during the season, no opera containing so much genuine music, with the exception of Bizet's *Carmen*, having been written since its production in the Rue Lepelletier, many years ago. After *Il Démonio*, its suave and happily developed melodies were like manna in the wilderness. For to-night we are promised Donizetti's now rarely heard *Linda di Chamouni*, with Mme Patti as the village heroine.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Better late than never. *Mefistofele*, which it would have been wise to give at the commencement of Mme Christine Nilsson's engagement, has at length been reproduced to the undisguised satisfaction of Mr Mapleson's subscribers and the operatic public. Though not among those worshippers of "something new," *quand même*, who place Boito's work higher than that of Gounod bearing the more congenial title of *Faust*, we are by no means blind to its exceptional merits. The fact of the Italian composer being his own librettist is rather to his disparagement than otherwise, his attempt to fuse the first and second parts of Goethe's poem, which dramatically have absolutely nothing to say to each other, into one medium for operatic treatment being by no means fortunate—so little for-

tunate, indeed, that few but the "initiated" can understand what the sequel to the Gretchen episode is all about. By "initiated" is meant the idolators of Wagnerism, who, stumbling upon anything out of the ordinary track, jump at once to the conclusion that the origin must be Wagner, the source whence all modern inspiration is supposed to spring. They must entertain but a questionable estimate of their idol; for, in whatever light Wagner may be regarded, he moves amid the greater number of those accredited as his most immediate disciples like a giant among pigmies, and, above all, is a dramatic poet, who never would have made such an *olla podrida* out of the "entire *Faust*" had the task of dramatising it for music been imposed upon him. Despite these objections, however, the *Mefistofele* of Boito has found favour in London, as it has found favour elsewhere, and this is undoubtedly in a large measure due to Mme Nilsson's wonderfully fine impersonation of Margaret—a Margaret, it cannot be denied, much more like the Margaret of Goethe than the Margaret of Gounod's librettists, MM. Barbier and Carré. Mme Nilsson's performance not only retains the charm which last year held spell-bound every intelligent looker-on, but has even gained in natural expression and impassioned intensity, where either is required to give the situation its fullest significance. The scene of Margaret's death, as portrayed by this admirable artist, is eminently impressive; she allows her imagination free scope, and the result is a masterpiece. Signor Campanini is thoroughly at home in *Faust*, a part upon which he must have devoted long and assiduous study; while Sig. Nannetti's Mephistopheles brings out a character by no means easy to delineate in vivid and picturesque relief. He is the accepted Mefistofele of his own country, as of Boito himself, and well merits the distinction he has earned. Mdle Anna di Belocca, as Martha, does all that could be wished for that small but by no means uninteresting character. In the last act, as much a supplement as the first is a prologue, the same artists appear—Mme Nilsson in the classical guise of Helen of Troy, Signori Campanini and Nannetti as the personages already made familiar to the audience. In this division of the opera the Swedish songstress has little more to do than to look handsome, move gracefully about the stage, and sing a very tuneful duet with Mdle Belocca (*Pantalio*)—all of which she does, of course, in perfection. The performance, for the most part, under the direction of Signor Ardit, is remarkably efficient, but the details, being precisely the same as when the opera was produced last summer, require no fresh description. The opera proved again an unequivocal success, and will doubtless increase in attraction as it becomes more and more familiar. Mdle Emma Juch, whose *début* as Filina (*Mignon*) was duly noticed, has appealed to public favour in a much more responsible character—that of the heroine of *La Traviata*. It was not to be expected that so young an aspirant could fulfil all the conditions, vocal and dramatic, that devolve upon the assumption of such a part. She, nevertheless, did much to justify the attempt, and, by the aid of a voice of extremely agreeable quality (a pure soprano), considerable flexibility, prepossessing appearance, and uniform intelligence, won the sympathies of the audience, who encouraged her throughout with applause, thus helping her efforts in the most material sense. Amateurs will look forward to much more from this young lady, and it is not likely they will be disappointed. The other leading parts were sustained by Signors Ravelli and Galassi (Alfredo and Germont). The opera announced for this evening is *Lohengrin*, with Mme Nilsson as Elsa, and Signor Campanini, who, as the Knight of the Swan, first introduced Wagner's famous opera to Italy.—*Graphic*.

VIENNA.—The Italians at the Imperial Operahouse closed on the 15th inst. with a performance of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. That opera and Verdi's *Aida* were the two great attractions of the season, during which five evenings were devoted to Verdi, and two each to Donizetti and Rossini, so that instead of being, as originally intended, Rossinian, the season was pre-eminently Verdian. *L'Italiana in Algeri* was repeatedly announced, but as frequently changed for something else, in consequence of the indisposition of Signora Biancolini. Of Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, also frequently promised, one act at any rate was given, a substitute being found for the lady in question. Mme Durand was an especial favourite, and negotiations are going on to secure her permanently.

Ye T---r of B---l.





## DEATHS.

Recently, near Carlsruhe, MDME ANNA ZERE, the famous "Astriflamante."

On June 20, at Torquay, T. BROADWOOD, Esq., late of Holmbush, Sussex. Aged 59.

On June 25, at Langham Street, Portland Place, MDME DE CATER-LABLACHE.

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With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedient.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1881.



On Change.

DR SHIPPING.—What noodles are musical critics!

DR QUINCE.—Why?

DR SHIPPING.—To be "spit upon" —

DR QUINCE.—Ah yes, like amateurs and crickets.

[Exeunt severally.]

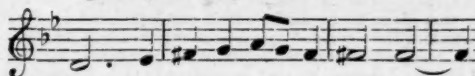
## THE LATE THOMAS BROADWOOD.

LESS known in musical circles than as an enthusiastic and distinguished yachtman, the death recorded in our obituary of Mr Thomas Broadwood, will yet be deeply regretted by those who may have been acquainted with him as a partner, although not taking an active part in the great and respected firm identified with his name. He was the eldest son of the late Thomas Broadwood, whose estates he inherited, and grandson of John Broadwood, the founder of the Pianoforte business in Great Pulteney Street. His death, occurring after a short illness, was quite unexpected, and adds another name to that long list of notabilities the present year has been fatal to.

Verdi's *Forza del Destino* has been performed at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

MR HALLE concluded his series of Beethoven and Bach recitals on Friday. He has quietly undertaken one of the most gigantic tasks that any pianist could impose on himself. To go through this series of sonatas and fugues with preludes in such a style, playing the whole (of the sonatas) from memory, is an undertaking which would tax to the utmost of his capacity any known pianist, whatever his name may be, and I should feel rather embarrassed to say whether I know two men capable of doing the same. Mr Halle, with his accustomed calm and philosophic tranquillity of performance, has accomplished one of the most astounding, and for the great public least grateful, feats. He is, therefore, all the more to be commended, to have followed up the pure artistic achievement. Musicians, of course, know how to appreciate it; and in their opinion he would have risen high, had he not already been held in such esteem as to preclude the possibility of getting beyond the top.—*World*.

## Are these things true or bairn?



TO EBENEZER PROUT, Esq.

At a dinner party he inquired if she was fond of ethnology. She replied that, being unwell, the doctor told her to eat nothing for dessert but negatives. Had it been otherwise she might have partaken of conservatives.

Upon which it was decided by the Mayor that Beethoven should have a statue in Central Park.

Whereupon the New York Musical Review, being asked whether Kinkel had passed in checks and died of over-Wagner,

swallowed two affirmatives. He smiled, she whimpered, and a fond embrace set matters wrong again. They are now somewhere near Whitecross, where they sleep and noon, dining at Five Ways Inn, Double Gloucester, and returning by barge.

SIMCOCK HOUSE.

To Shaver Silver, Esq.

## To Dr Blidge.

DEFINITION OF FUGA.—Fugue—du Latin fuir. Une voix fuit devant l'autre, mais l'auditeur fuit le premier. (Impossible à traduire en anglais.) B.

[That B. does not signify Blidge is here superevident. "Impossible" is a good word; but there is no such Latin word as fuir. Schumann has already made nonsense of the old saw in his criticism on Mendelssohn's "Op. 35"; but "B" leaves Schumann far in the rear. Try your hand at canon, "B," and perhaps you'll succeed better. Fugue and canon might stand for chess and drafts.—Dr Blidge.]

MDME ADELINA PATTI (rare event, happily) being indisposed on Monday night, the opera of *Semiramide* was put aside and *Rigoletto*, with Mme Albani as Gilda, performed in its place. Mr Gye is lucky in having such substitutes at his command. The same reason prevented Mme Patti from taking part in the State Concert at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday evening.

HERR RICHTER.—The Richter Concerts were brought to a conclusion on Monday night, in St James's Hall, with a second performance of Beethoven's great *Missa Solennis* in D, which was just as warmly received as the first, on the Thursday previous. What has distinguished this series of performances from its precursor, a twelvemonth since, is the greater variety given to the programmes on recent occasions, more of Wagner and Beethoven being included than was the case at the outset. This acceptable innovation will, it is understood, be made a prominent feature of the concerts in 1882, when Herr Richter is also to conduct operatic representations of German opera in the German language, at Drury Lane Theatre. The great conductor has returned to Vienna, where his influence is paramount, and where he means to introduce the new English symphony in C minor, of Mr F. H. Cowen. Herr Richter's artistic merit and winning social qualities have gained him hosts of friends in this country, his return to which, next year, will be anxiously looked forward to.

## CONCERTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—The last concert, or "grand matinée," of this institution was given in St James's Hall yesterday, and came not far from deserving the somewhat pretentious title which M. Lasserre, the director, accepted for it at the hands of his forerunner, Mr Ella. A "grand matinée," indeed, we may be content to style it, since the musical lion of the season had both programme and performance pretty much to himself. There was a strong flavour of M. Rubinstein about the entire affair. A quartet by the Russian composer opened the proceedings; a sonata for violin and pianoforte by the Russian composer continued them; and the chief instrument in Schumann's quartet (Op. 47) was played by the Russian pianist, who afterwards wound up the proceedings with some short solos. But though there was a great deal of M. Rubinstein, we venture to say that nobody cried, "Hold, enough!" A weird kind of fascination about this artist makes him irresistible. "The wedding guest, he beat his breast," all to no purpose, as we know, nor even when he bethought him that "The bride hath trooped into the hall" could he get away from the terrible story of doomed mariners, phantom ships, and slimy, crawling things of the deep. M. Rubinstein's story is not always cheerful and engaging, but who listens at the beginning must hear to the end. The spell cannot easily be broken. The interest of the Russian composer's two works was enhanced by a statement that they were to be performed for the first time. This may have meant for the first time at the Musical Union, but the opus numbers show that they are recent productions, and that they exemplify M. Rubinstein's ripest talent. The string quartet (F minor, Op. 106, No. 2) contains a good deal that must be admired out of hand, no hesitation or reserve being admissible. In this we include much of the opening movement, particularly the second subject, and the scherzo, whereof the trio, with its original melody and quaint *pizzicato* accompaniment, belongs to the composer's happiest creations in the way of characteristic music. The slow movement, mainly constructed upon a choral, is one of singular beauty, while in the *finale* there are many passages which, though they may not absolutely charm, arrest attention by newness or daring. On the other hand, the quartet illustrates M. Rubinstein's frequent inability to develop his themes without running into extravagance. The working out of the subjects rarely shows the regulated fancy and consummate skill required. It is restless, rushing hither and thither, so to speak, after forced and violent effects, and seeking to startle by any means rather than to be simply artistic. This, however, is M. Rubinstein's idiosyncrasy under such circumstances, and it is probable that were he to proceed upon a different plan the result would be failure. The sonata for violin and pianoforte (B minor, Op. 98) is a more favourable specimen of the master than even the quartet. Beginning with a curious—nay, a unique reference to the opening themes of its precursors in G major and A minor, it develops a first movement characteristically made up of passages remarkable for beauty, and others which border on the grotesque. The second movement, a *moderato assai*, is, however, altogether charming in its delicacy, fancifulness, and grace, while the *adagio* presents claims not less unchallengeable, though of a different kind. Here M. Rubinstein soars high, and compels us to recognize in him a great master. Some very original passages lend interest to the *finale*, and confirm an impression that in this sonata we have not only one of the composer's most distinctive works, but one of the most convincing proofs of rare and splendid gifts. The quartet was well played by MM. Auer, Wiener, Waeffelghem, and Lasserre, the sonata by the artist first named in conjunction with M. Rubinstein, who, being in his best mood, did justice to himself. To say that applause was frequent and hearty, and that a large audience went away from the concert gratified, is scarcely needful.—D. T.

RUBINSTEIN gave his third and fourth recitals, and is going to give a fifth and a sixth, which is only the natural consequence of the public having flocked to his four recitals to the tune of £2,500. Richter gave his last two concerts, and he too added one extra. Rubinstein in his grand mood is an immense fellow; but when he comes out as Jupiter Tonans, or even sometimes as Orlando Furioso, then beware, piano, thy life is seriously threatened; all the anguish, all the crying, all the despair will help you nothing, for—you must die. Down you go, kicked and boxed and beaten, until the heart-string breaks.

"O weh, O weh, mir Armen,  
Bei Gott ist kein Erbarmen."

That a man who sings so wonderfully on the piano, who has so great and so clear a conception of the classical masters, should give way to such frantic moments, is certainly to be regretted, but it is perfectly consistent with genius; and to hope that it will ever be otherwise is useless, because it is the nature of the man; it is one of the necessities of his organization. I cannot exactly understand

why he should subject Chopin's *Marche Funèbre* to the production of the same effect—I will not say, trick—as the *Ruins of Athens*. In this latter piece the pilgrims approach, arrive, pass away; the *crescendo*, *ff*, and *diminuendo* have therefore a *raison d'être*; but when, after the supposed angel's voice in the *Marche Funèbre*, the first motive is repeated, the indications of the composer are precisely the same as in the beginning. To sacrifice a composer's intention to a performer's special effect is what from anybody rather than from a composer like Rubinstein I should have expected. The same observation holds good with regard to part of Beethoven 57, precipitated and blurred, and Hensel's study, "Si oiseau j'étais," with no *ritenuto* and no *diminuendo*.—World.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—In the belief that a light musical entertainment will find, at any period of the year, sufficient support in the metropolis to secure a remunerative result, the building known as Hengler's Cirque, Argyl Street, Regent Street, has been converted into an arena for promenade concerts, with Mr Weist Hill as the conductor. A numerous and efficient orchestra has been provided, the space not occupied by the auditory is prettily filled up with imitation rock work and real plants and flowers, while tasteful and appropriate decorations and illuminations have been furnished by Messrs J. Defries & Sons. On Saturday evening, when the season commenced, there was a large attendance and an attractive programme, in which the names of Mdle Ilma di Murska and Mdme Mary Cummings conspicuously represented the principal vocalists. In the first part, Mdle di Murska delighted the audience with the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah* and Meyerbeer's "Robert toi qui j'aime," from the opera of *Roberto le Diable*, in the second part with "The Last Rose of Summer." Mdme Mary Cummings most effectively rendered Nicola Ferri's song "There's a fountain in the desert," and Sullivan's impressive ballad, "The Lost Chord." Mr F. Wood and Mr Samuel Webb contributed the other portions of the vocal entertainment, and the excellence of the orchestra was demonstrated in a number of overtures and operatic selections, in which the cornet solos were played by Mr Howard Reynolds. A very encouraging reception was awarded Mr Weist Hill's grotesque overture called *Goy and Magog*, originally composed for the Guildhall Amateur Orchestral Society, and now performed for the first time in public. On account of the delay occasioned by a necessary re-arrangement of the small stage it will be advisable on future evenings to dispense with the operetta by Offenbach of *Lisichen and Fritzchen*, which preceded the concert on Saturday night.—W. B. K.

ALBERT HALL.—The concert which took place on Saturday afternoon at the Albert Hall was, as usual, rich in interest for the good people whose knowledge of opera singers is limited to their occasional presentations in the ordinary habiliments of everyday life. Under such conditions the operatic artist is by no means wholly developed, but the personality is there, if without the stage aspects of dress and circumstance; and in the acquaintance thus made with the celebrities of the hour, although in an imperfect and compromised form, there is unquestionable pleasure and enjoyment. Mr Mapleson's singers were the artists paraded for the occasion, and the programme was, as may easily be supposed, compiled to exhibit their powers to the best advantage. Mdme Christine Nilsson was, of course, the "bright, particular star," and to evidence her skill in the highest excellence of the vocal art no better medium could have been selected than the *aria*, "Bel raggio," from Rossini's *Semiramide*, her brilliant execution of which was unanimously appreciated. In another domain of expression the accomplished Swede was equally welcome, namely, in the well-known "Meditation" of Gounod ("Bach-Gounod," as the phrase goes), which she uttered with such devotional and impressive reverence as to suggest an encore from the entire audience. To this, however, she merely responded in the familiar strains of "Home, sweet home," which, if not precisely an equivalent, was nevertheless replete with charm domestic and artistic. Later on we had "The Minstrel Boy," followed by one of the national melodies of her own country, the quaint humour of which again brought forth the loudest peans of delight. The other lady vocalists were Mdle Tremelli, whose magnificent voice and fine dramatic style were exhibited to advantage in the "Figlio mio," from the *Prophète*, and the Goatherd's song from *Dinorah*; Mdle Anna de Beloecca, who contributed Filina's air from *Mignon* and the "Il segreto" of Donizetti, in both of which her pretty manner and pretty talent won cordial admiration; Mdle Ilma di Murska, always a power, and never more so than upon the present occasion, when she sang "Ombra leggiera," from *Dinorah*, and, upon an irresistible demand, "Meet me once again," which every one felt they would be glad to do; Mdle Dotti, a by no means incapable exponent of that supremest of all passionate appeals, "Robert, toi que j'aime;" and Mdme Marie Roze, who, however, was only seen and heard once, namely (with Signor Del Puente), in "La dove prende," the gentle



and unaffected tunefulness of which was revealed to perfection. Miss Minnie Hauk was set down for a couple of Scotch songs, but "Carmencita" was truant, and did not appear to redeem the promise of her sponsors. The list of male artists comprised Mr Joseph Maas, Signors Runcio, Galassi, Ravelli, Nannetti, and Del Puente, whose excerpts from Verdi, Mozart, Méhul, Blumenthal, and Bizet were, in every case, too fresh in the public memory not to be received with the liveliest satisfaction, the famous song of the Toreador (Signor Del Puente), with its choral background, being one of the most attractive features of this section of the programme. The concert, it may be added, opened with the "Introduction and Prologue" to Boito's *Mefistofele*, terminating with the always-effective "Chi mi frena," from *Lucia*. Signor Rasori was accompanist at the piano, Signor Arditi, as a matter of course, conductor.—H.

On Monday afternoon Mr Joseph Wieniawski, brother of the lamented violinist, gave his second recital, in which he played only works of Chopin. Since the days of Princess Marcelline Czartorska, who, though an amateur, was one of the most inspired pianists I ever heard, I have seldom witnessed such a thoroughly national and poetic conception and execution of Chopin's especially *rubato* works. Born in Poland, but living in Paris at the very time when Victor Hugo began the great romantic revolution in literature, Chopin gave his excited Pegasus free reins; and unconcerned about people's *ou-dits*, he went his own way long misunderstood, until certain *natures d'élite*—Liszt *à la tête*—undertook the propaganda of his work. Mr Wieniawski, himself a Pole, and an unusually gifted one, is *de droit* the interpreter of his great countryman, and as such the audience accepted and applauded him.—World.

MR GANZ'S ORCHESTRAL.—These concerts were brought to an end for the season on Saturday afternoon, when the final performance attracted a very large audience, many being content, or, at any rate, obliged, to stand. The cause of exceptional interest may safely be looked for in the presence of Mme Sophie Menter, who had been announced to play Schumann's now popular concerto and a short selection of pianoforte pieces. Those who visited St James's Hall most expectant of reason for wonder and admiration could certainly not complain of disappointment, inasmuch as Mme Menter did her very best. Her reading of the concerto may not, it is true, have satisfied everybody, the objection being obvious that effects of enormous power and remarkable delicacy were too broadly and indiscriminately laid on. Mme Menter does not always show the requisite degree of flexibility when following a composer through changeful moods and along intricate ways. But waiving this, her playing in the concerto was astonishing. The *allegro* and *finale* were made brilliant in the extreme, and the *intermezzo* became equally conspicuous for refinement and gentleness. Mme Menter's solos were Chopin's Nocturne in D flat, Liszt's transcription of Schubert's "Hark the lark!" and Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*, with the arabesques impertinently laid on by her master, the late Tausig. With Chopin the artist was again not entirely happy, her somewhat hard and mechanical delivery of the themes standing in the way of success. On the other hand, Liszt's transcription was played, as at her recital, most beautifully, while the Tausig-Weber piece simply astounded the audience with its facile mastery of prodigious difficulty. Is there anything, we wonder, that this artist can not play? How she was applauded on Saturday afternoon is extremely easy to imagine. Other features of the concert were Benedict's Festival overture, performed with spirit and well received; Beethoven's Symphony in A (No. 7), which has been heard to more advantage in its time; the overture to *Der Freyschütz*; and two pleasing *Intermezzi* for orchestra; from Miss Alice Mary Smith's *Masque of Pandora*. The vocalist was Mme Marie Roze, who was in good voice, and made her best effect with the air "Divinités du Styx," from Gluck's *Alceste*. The entire concert was directed by Mr Ganz.—D.T.

MDME LIEBHART.—Among the vocalists who have achieved celebrity in this country, this lady may lay claim to a foremost place. For several years past her name has been pleasantly familiar to audiences in all parts of the metropolis, associated as it has been with songs addressed to the popular taste and to the sympathies of the miscellaneous listener. Nevertheless, her accomplishments are of no common order, and had she confined herself to the operahouse in which she first appeared, or to a purely classical platform, reputation in the higher sense of the word could hardly have failed her, for she sings only as a properly disciplined musician could sing—a fact that discloses itself in "trifles light as air," as well as in matters of weightier moment. The concert on Tuesday evening, at Steinway Hall, was brilliantly patronized, as is invariably the case when she makes her annual appeal to her friends—whose name is legion—and the public. The programme was of voluminous dimensions, but the evening had far advanced before

Mdme Liebhart herself made her appearance, and received the hearty welcome that is her due. She was in excellent voice, and in Caracciolas' "La danza" realized all the effect that could be achieved by fascination of manner and finished vocalization. This was encored. Her other contributions were a duet with Mdme Emes (the "Mein Herz," of Baumann), and a song bearing the defiant title of "No, sir!" by Miss Wakefield. We can only refer to a few of the events that came under our notice during our stay in the hall. Mdme Tremelli, from Her Majesty's Theatre, expended upon Handel's plaintive air, "Lascia ch'io pianga," all her customary amplitude of style and voice, and repetition being asked, kindled a livelier enthusiasm by her spirited delivery of the "Brindisi" from *Lucrezia Borgia*, to which she is just the one to give the characteristic importance. The appearance of Mdme Vogri, from the Royal Opera, Turin, was a prominent incident in the first part; but the lady was unfortunate in her choice of music, for the "Hope" soliloquy of Beethoven, away from the opera to which it belongs, and deprived of any accompaniment except what may be furnished from a "high pressure" pianist, was unlikely to win the sympathy it invariably enforces on the stage, where the experience of Mdme Vogri, as a dramatic artist, would have elicited ample recognition. The other ladies named in the programme were Misses Hipwell, Emelie Lewis, Connell and Comyns; Mesdames Emes, Martens, Romili, Dukas van Noorden, and Ilma di Murka. Among the gentlemen were Mr Herbert Thorndike, who gave songs by Rubinstein and Schumann with legitimate effect, Signor Ghilberti, another vocalist of bold and resolute utterance, Signor Ria, Mr Ben Davis, Herr Martens, Signor Isidore de Lara, and (*mirabile dictu*) the member for Limerick, Mr Gabbett, modestly announced as an "amateur," and who, we hope (if he appeared), was enabled to make his kindly "motion" on behalf of Mdme Liebhart without obstruction from a "count out." The instrumental contingent was proportionately strong. Mr W. Ganz, Herr Marcel Herwegh, and Herr Otto Leu, opened the performances with Beethoven's Trio (Op. 1, No. 3) under, it may be mentioned, much disturbing interruption. The two last named gentlemen were also down for solos on their respective instruments. There were also Signor S. Scuderi, the violinist, and Signor Palmidessi, pianist, who played Weber's *Invitation à la Valse* with such fiery vivacity as to astonish and confound every one who, acquainted with the music, held rational notions as to its legitimate delivery. MM. W. Ganz, Lindsay Sloper, Charles Davison, Lehmeier, Denza, and Romili were the six conductors, not one too many, taking into account the superabundance of provision.—H.

MISS FRANCES SMITH'S concert, on the 23rd ult., was attended by a fashionable audience, which filled the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. The *debutante* showed her skill as a pianist in one of Beethoven's sonatas for pianoforte and violin, Chopin's *Ballade* in G minor, and Wagner's "Spinnerlied," arranged by Liszt; also in a clever duet for two pianos, by Herr Otto Goldschmidt, with Mr J. C. Forrester. The whole performance was greatly appreciated; the young artist, whose firm yet refined touch, intelligent reading and expression were worthy all praise, being re-called. Mdme Marie Klauwell gave two German songs with much expression, and showed considerable powers of execution in "Una voce poco fa." Miss Clara Samuelli created much effect with "Under the Lilac" and "Robin Adair;" Mdme Bolingbroke showed her fine contralto voice to advantage in "I am the angel;" Mr O'Leary Vinning (accompanied by the composer) and Mr Cummings added a musicianly song of his own composition. Mr Ralph performed a violin sonata by Tartini in an artistic manner, and Mr Oberthur gave one of his effective harp solos with the usual success. The concert was directed by Mr Arthur O'Leary.

AT MDLLE VITTORIA DE BONO'S *matinée musicale*, on Wednesday, June 9 (at the residence of Mrs Morton Sumner), the pieces selected for her performance were Mendelssohn's Sonata in B flat for pianoforte and violin, (with Mdme Coventry), a Romance and Tambourin for violin alone by Leclair, a trio by Fesca (with Mdme Coventry and Herr Otto Leu) for pianoforte violin and violoncello, and an arrangement for the same instruments of "Mira la bianca Luna." She also played violin *obligato* to Signor Garcia's "Salve Maria," the singer being Mdme Thea Sanderini. Mdme Coventry, besides joining in the concerted pieces, gave one of Chopin's preludes and Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp minor with spirit and brilliancy, winning genuine applause for each. The vocal music was well chosen, and the artists—Miss José Sherrington, Louise Gould, Alice Fairman, Mesdames Thea Sanderini and D'Alton; Signors Ria, Rotoli, Monari Rocca, and Bonetti—received in each instance with marked favour.

HERR ALEXANDER KUMMER, (late professor of the violin at the Leipzig Conservatoire) gave a concert at the Royal Academy of Music



on Wednesday evening, June 22nd, with the aid of Mr W. Coenen, Herr Hollman and Miss Rosenthal. Herr Kummer has a fine tone and is a practised artist. This he showed by his performance (with MM. W. Coenen and Hollman) of Rubinstein's trio in B flat, Schumann's quintet in E flat, and the *andante* with variations from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata. Herr Kummer's solos were a romance by Steinhardt and two "Hungarian dances" by Brahms and Joachim. These last won unanimous applause. During the evening Herr Hollman played a "Mélodie religieuse" of his own composition, and a gavotte by Popper, both for violoncello alone, Miss Rosenthal contributing an *aria* by Buononcini and two German *Lieder*.

MISS ALICE FAIRMAN, an artist not so often heard in public as her merits deserve, gave a concert at 19, Harley Street, the residence of Dr and Mrs Morell Mackenzie, on Monday morning, June 20, assisted by Miss Jessie Royd, Signor Bonetti, Messrs Henry Guy, Gabriel Thorp and Thurlay Beale (vocalists), Mme Maria Bianchini (flute), Signor Erba (violin), Signor Tito Mattei, and Mr Henry Parker (pianoforte). The fine voice of Miss Fairman was heard to the greatest advantage in "O mon Fernand" (*La Favorite*), and had no little to do with the success of Signor Pinsuti's popular song, "When my ship comes home," in which she enjoyed the co-operation of the composer as accompanist. Mr Henry Guy contributed a ballad by Miss Harriet Young, "Past Recall"; Mr Thorp another by Mr H. Parker, "For Love and for Spain" (accompanied by the composer); Signor Bonetti some French romances; Signor Erba a ballad and a gavotte by Vieuxtemps; Signor Tito Mattei two of his most brilliant solos for the piano (*L'Éléphant* and *Fête Champêtre*); and Mme Bianchini an arrangement for flute, by Herr F. Doppler, of "Airs Valaques." Besides these, Mr Parker and Signor Erba were set down for the *Andante* with variations from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, for piano and violin; Miss Jessie Royd for Lotti's *aria*, "Pur dicesti"; Signor Rozzelli for Romili's *melodia*, "Ch'io non t'ami"; Mr Thurlay Beale for Pinsuti's "The Bugler"; Mr Thorp for a song by Rubinstein; and Miss Fairman and Signor Bonetti for Gounod's *barcarolle*, "Vedi che bella sera." Notwithstanding the unavoidable absence of Mme Marie Roze and the late regretted Mme de Caters-Labelache, the entertainment passed off with *éclat*.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—A glance at the bill of fare provided by Messrs Jones and Barber, the enterprising managers at the above popular resort, should attract, at this season of the year, large numbers of holiday makers. Taking the *menu* of Saturday last as indication of quantity and quality, we have no hesitation in noting the wisdom of the caterers in so sumptuously providing for a wide variety of tastes. For those whose affinities lie in the direction of animal nature, a capital horse show was provided in the grounds, and, but that the weather was unfavourable, would doubtless have been more largely patronised. A flower show, a circus, leaping contests, aerial performances (by the way, marked with ease, agility, and grace), were also on the card. But what we are more concerned to note, was a very good rendering, under the circumstances, of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, by Mr E. H. Brooke's company. Undoubtedly, this formed the chief attraction during the latter part of the day, judging by the packed house, and the marked favour with which it was received. Without entering into detail, it would be a manifest injustice to omit mention of the able rendering of the character of Romeo, by Mr Brooke, at present the courteous director of New Sadler's Wells Theatre. Throughout his acting was uniformly on a high level. Especially noticeable were his efforts in the closing scene. A most effective Juliet was found in Miss Carlisle, whose spirited performance throughout gave much pleasure to the large audience. A word of commendation is also due to the Nurse (Mrs E. H. Brooke) for the very natural manner in which she sustained her part, having at command an effusion of tears which largely helped the *ensemble*. Later in the evening a representation of Lecocq's *La Fille de Madame Angot* was effectively given. Again a very large gathering "assisted." Want of space compels us simply to note that the character of Mdlle Lange was in the capable hands of Miss Adelaide Newton, Clairette being assigned to Miss Minnie Marshall. The wit and humour of Pomponnet, the barber, was committed to the sufficient care of Mr Mudie, while the poet of the boulevard and the halle, Ange Pitou, was well represented by Mr F. Gayner. Herr Janssens was the conductor. A capital *à fresco* concert was also given on the banks of the triple lakes at 8.15 (conductor, Mr H. Collingwood Banks), the magical effect of the illuminated grounds enhancing the pleasure of the promenaders. Altogether a really pleasant day may be spent on the northern height,yclept "Muswell," and we wish the directors of the Alexandra Palace success in their arduous undertaking.—WETSTAR.

# THE PERFORMANCE OF *IL DEMONIO*.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The performance of *Il Demonio*, taken apart from accidental considerations, is one worthy the best traditions of our great opera-house. We have reason to believe, indeed, that it fully satisfied M. Rubinstein, who is said to have been pleased not only with the principal artists, but with all the details of a fine *ensemble*. When a composer is thus content, others may spare themselves the trouble of looking for faults, and devote all their energies to the enjoyment and praise of merits. The general representation has two salient and most conspicuous features in the Tamara of Mme Albani and the Demon of M. Lassalle. As we pointed out some days ago, these characters are the only ones really essential to the story, and endowed with commanding interest. Fortunate it was, therefore, that they fell into the competent hands of the artists just named. Mme Albani could have found nothing more suited to her idiosyncrasy than the part of the woman so cruelly tried and tempted. She is an artist whom "intense" situations always inspire. Even in conventional opera, no artificialisms and absurdities can hinder her from penetrating beneath them, and giving full expression to the emotions proper to the scene. But it is when Mme Albani appears in operas which are really dramatic, having as their characters sentient beings, not singing lay figures, that she shows of what she is capable. Her part in *Il Demonio* fulfils these conditions. Whatever of vagueness may blur the outline of the Demon, his victim is writ large and plain as a woman, first rejoicing in an innocent love, then troubled by suspicion of coming danger, then overwhelmed by grief, and, lastly, assailed by every natural and supernatural artifice, till nature can no longer bear the strain of resistance, and the thread of life snaps asunder. Here is genuine tragedy, proceeding, *secundum artem*, from life to death, and in it Mme Albani shows herself a genuine tragedian. She never loses the sympathy of the audience, taking fast hold of it as Tamara, joyously warbling, descends from the Castle terrace, and tightening that hold through all the subsequent scenes of terror and conflict. This, of course, implies that the situation never goes where the artist cannot go with it, and the implication is true because Mme Albani makes her best effect in the last and greatest scene of all. Her performance in this alone would stamp her as a great artist. Her Tamara is emphatically what it assumes to be. The tempted woman stands before us, and we can see in her looks, and tones, and gestures an expression of veritable emotion, not mere pretence. Let the truth—so pleasant to tell—be told on this matter. We have had nothing greater on our lyric stage for a long time past than Mme Albani's Tamara. How she sings the music it is almost superfluous to tell. Of merely vocal difficulty it presents none to so accomplished an artist; but the charm of the performance lies not in technical skill so much as in what we feel to be expression at once spontaneous and true. Such singing comes from the heart, and to the heart it goes straight and unimpeded.

Worthily associated with the Tamara we have described is M. Lassalle's Demon. For any dramatic uncertainty the French baritone should not be blamed, because the character, whatever may have been in the mind of the author, is vaguely drawn. We do not know whether to execrate or pity the Demon. According to the "argument" we should execrate him, since just Heaven balks his plans and sends him to the regions below; but it is at one time permissible to believe that he seeks the love of woman for consolation and possible redemption, in which case sympathy cannot be refused. For all this, and whatever comes of it, M. Lassalle is not responsible, and nothing but praise, therefore, meets the deserts of his assumption. He brings before us to the life the gloomy, proud, and passionate spirit who would re-enter heaven with a look of defiance at heaven's throne, and owe his re-habilitation to any means but humility. M. Lassalle makes powerful use of the temptation scenes, especially that in the convent cell, where, for almost the first time, the music of his part aids instead of hinders emotional expression. His singing throughout the last act is a most conspicuous and welcome contribution to the credit side of the opera as now presented. The remaining artists are equal to the modest demands made by the characters they assume. The part of the Angel is purely a singing one, and even from a vocal point of view is of slight importance. Mme Trebelli, we hardly need say, brought out all the

musical interest that belongs to it, and sang with neatness and taste. Signor Marini, as the lover, sings with feeling the music assigned to him; Signor de Reszke is vocally and dramatically excellent as the Prince Guald; and like words may be used with emphasis respecting the Old Servant of Signor Silvestri. The great pains that must have been taken in rehearsing both chorus and orchestra bear good fruit, and a word is due to the general efficiency of the stage business as well as to the excellence of the scenery. In short, the production of *Il Demonio*, whatever may be the fate of the opera itself, is an event which Mr Gye has unquestionable right to regard with complacency.

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BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Herr Ferdinand Gumbert has issued, in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, his usual yearly returns of the Royal Operahouse which closed, on the 14th inst., with *Le Lac des Fées* for two months. From the 24th August, 1880, to the 14th June, 1881, there were 226 performances, representing 54 works and 32 composers, the novelties being Anton Rubinstein's *Nero* and Ad. Ueberlée's *König Otto's Brautfahrt*. *Carmen* was given 23 times; *Lohengrin*, 13; *Czar und Zimmermann*, 11; *Tannhäuser*, 9; *Die Königin von Saba*, 8; *Nero*, 7; *Der Freischütz* and *Der fliegende Holländer*, 6 each; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Juan*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Jean de Paris*, *Le Prophète*, *Il Trovatore*, *Fidelio*, and *Margarethe (Faust)*, 5 each; *La Fille du Régiment*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Mignon*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Die Maccabäer*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Idomeno*, *Die Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, and *Hans Heiling*, 4 each; *König Otto's Brautfahrt*, *Joseph en Egypte*, *Das goldene Kreuz*, *Violitta (La Traviata)*, *Martha*, *Der Rattenfänger von Hameln*, *Fernand Cortez*, *La Muette de Portici*, *Oberon*, *Les Huguenots*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Armida* and *Bon Soir*, *Signor Pantalón*, 3 each; *Robert le Diable*, *Aida*, *L'Africaine*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Landfriede*, *Templer und Jüdin*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and *Le Lac des Fées*, twice each; *La Sonnambula*, *Roméo et Juliette* (Gounod's), *Armin*, *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*, *Les Deux Journées*, *La Juive*, and *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, once each. The following is a list of the composers: 1. R. Wagner represents 32 performances and 4 works; 2. Bizet, 23, 1; 3. Mozart, 18, 4; 4. Meyerbeer, 13, 5; 5. Auber, 12, 4; 6. Lortzing, 11, 1; 7. Rubinstein, 11, 2; 8. Verdi, 10, 3; 9. Weber, 9, 2; 10. Goldmark, 8, 1; 11. Boieldieu, 7, 2; 12. Gounod, 6, 2; 13. Marschner, 6, 2; 14. Beethoven, 5, 1; 15. Nicolai, 5, 1; 16. Brüll, 5, 2; 17. Rossini, 5, 1; 18. Gluck, 5, 2; 19. Donizetti, 4, 1; 20. Thomas, 4, 1; 21. Götze, 4, 1; 22. Nessler, 3, 1; 23. Spontini, 3, 1; 24. Mehul, 3, 1; 25. Flotow, 3, 1; 26. Grisar, 3, 1; 27. Ueberlée, 3, 1; 28. Hofmann, 1, 1; 29. Halévy, 1, 1; 30. Cherubini, 1, 1; 31. Bellini, 1, 1; 32. Kreutzer, 1, 1.—Mme Schuch-Proska, from the Theatre Royal, Dresden, has been fulfilling a short engagement at Kroll's.

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ADELINA PATTI.

Mme Patti, after Covent Garden closes and a short trip to her residence in South Wales, goes to Aix-les-Bains to take the waters for a month. She starts for New York by the *Servia* (Unard line), on October the 22nd. Her present arrangements are exclusively for concerts, but should her stay be prolonged, some operatic performances may also be included. Mrs Osgood sails in the same vessel.

MDME ADELINA PATTI has received an invitation from Bayreuth, to undertake the part of Kundry in the grand production of Wagner's last opera, *Parsifal*, in the Festival Theatre.

MDME CHRISTINE NILSSON was present both at the first and second performances of *Il Demonio* at the Royal Italian Opera. At the last of these, Mme Patti, who had already attended Sarah Bernhardt's performance of the *Lady of the Camellias*, in the afternoon, was also among the audience.

HERR RUBINSTEIN's last recital (Second of his two extra performances), is announced for Monday afternoon. To-day he conducts a grand concert at the Royal Italian Opera, the programme of which, besides important instrumental compositions of his own, among them a Symphony and a pianoforte Concerto, includes his graceful *Lied*, "Es blinkt der Thau," sung by Mme Albani and accompanied by himself. The programme is otherwise rich in variety.

ADELINA (SEMIRAMIDE) PATTI.

I shall hear thy glorious voice, altho' I am not near—  
The echo of each tone will fly  
Like lark notes thro' a summer sky,  
To greet me as I dreaming watch and listen here!

Yes—with the magic aid of Memory's mystic power,  
Sourced in Love's fount of Living Light!  
And Fancy's whispers clear and bright,  
As I have heard thee oft, I'll hear thee in that hour!

I'll see thee, too—thy beauty crown'd with diamond sheen,  
Thy robes enriched with gleaming gold—  
While by the plaudits storm is told  
How Brave and Fair alike do homage to Song's queen!

Star of our lyric heaven! High Priestess of sweet Art!  
What can my homage be to thee,  
To whom a world doth bend the knee?  
Yet—'mid the crowds that hail thee, beats no truer heart!

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

IRVING'S IAGO.—Whether or not it be correct to say that Mr Irving's Iago is the best thing he has done, it is certain that he has never done anything better. The keenest student of Shakspeare who believes that he has thoroughly mastered the character will be well-nigh certain to find some fresh ideas in this most admirable representation. The three manners of Iago—if they may be so described—his deferentially affectionate demeanour to Othello, his contemptuously familiar treatment of Roderigo, and the revelation of his true nature in the soliloquies are alike wonderfully true and to the point. The soliloquies are, perhaps, noticeably excellent even where all is so good, for there is true soliloquizing; Iago is thinking as he speaks, and often one can see the thought shaping itself in the expression of his face before his lips give utterance. The making of what are called "points" suggests staginess and an effect which is theatrical without reaching the dignity of being dramatic, but the admirable detail of Mr Irving's performance will be the more appreciated the more it is examined. The speech made by Iago, as he watches Desdemona and Cassio before the landing of Othello in Cyprus, has half-a-dozen words in it which have puzzled many readers, and not a few exponents of Iago, but which are introduced with the best results by Mr Irving. "Ay, smile upon her, do; I will give thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed; if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantcy, it had been better you had not kissed these fingers so oft." The significance of the words, "You say true; 'tis so, indeed;" is clearly set forth. Iago, quietly observing, interprets and gives words to the gesture of acquiescence with which Cassio listens to a remark from Desdemona, repeating the phrases with light mockery of the way in which Cassio seems to have spoken them. There is rich meaning again in the speech, "That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; that she loves him—," but here he stops. The notion is beyond the bounds of credibility, as the Ancient—who, though "not of exceeding honesty," justifies Othello's continuation of his comment, and "knows all qualities with a learned spirit of human dealing"—well perceives. Still in a suspicious world the thought of such love "tis apt, and of great credit." It is by such details as this that Mr Irving gives life and colour to his study, and shows how keen is his insight into, and powerful his mastery over, the character in which for the time he lives.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

Herr Hans Richter, the great Viennese conductor, has bid "adieu" to England until next year, taking with him the high esteem and hearty good wishes of all with whom he has come in contact.

MUNICH.—Profiting by the experience gained on the first night of performance, Baron Perfall has lengthened the first act of his opera, *Rainondin*, by a scene and cut one out of the last, besides making other alterations. Thus modified, the work was reproduced on the 18th ult.

## ANDRÉ CAMPRA.

1697.\*

(Continued from page 381.)

## II.

Paris then possessed a young apprentice poet scarcely twenty-three years old, who had already attracted public attention to his doings more than is usual for one of his age. This hare-brained young fellow, the son of a rich hatter, received a very good education; he was studying law, with the intention of being called to the bar, when the demon of poetry came to tempt him, and he took it into his head to write a three-act farce, half poetry and half prose, *Les Originaux*, which he took to the Comédie Italienne, where it was played. He was nineteen; the public, whom this did not concern, and who were, perhaps, ignorant of the fact, thought the piece detestable and treated it rather roughly, without troubling themselves about his age. Hereupon, he could hit upon no remedy for the disgrace of such a check but to go and bury himself at La Trappe, preparatory to taking the vows and becoming a monk. But his call for the sacred profession was probably deficient in earnestness; at any rate, such was the opinion of the father superior, the famous Abbé de Rancé, who knew something about such matters, having waited till he was an old man ere he himself turned hermit, after a tolerably stormy life. At the expiration of two or three months, the aged Abbé, perceiving that the system of austerity practised at the abbey was too rough for the youth, refused to let the latter go on with his noviciate, and flung the monastery doors wide open to facilitate his departure. The young man returned, therefore, to Paris, resolved this time to give himself up entirely to poetry. In the end, despite his possessing only very secondary talent, he gained the ear of the public, and at the expiration of some dozen years entered the French Academy, where he succeeded Thomas Corneille—which proves that in this world we never know what may happen. The youth who was a failure as a Trappist and afterwards became an Academician, was the fabulist, Antoine Houdard de Lamotte, better known for some tolerably ingenious apologues than for the very execrable tragedies he produced at the Théâtre-Français. How did Campra make his acquaintance, while de Lamotte was still a tyro, and how was it that their acquaintanceship led to their working together? This is something of which I am ignorant. One thing, however, is certain: that it was to Houdard de Lamotte that Campra was indebted for the book of his first work, and that it was the author of *Les Originaux* who traced out for him the libretto of *L'Europe galante*. There was this peculiarity about the libretto: it did not form a piece strictly so-called, but each act constituted of itself a complete whole, connected with the other acts only by the analogy of the subject and a common title. This form of "ballet-opera" in which dancing occupied as prominent a position as singing, became rapidly the fashion, and for more than sixty years held a very important—a too important!—place in the repertory of the Opera, where such works ought to have been admitted only as exceptions. *L'Europe galante* was in four acts and a prologue, and was first produced on the 24th October, 1697. The principal characters were sustained by Mdlle Le Rochois, Desmatins, and Moreau, by Thévenard, Chapellet, Dumesnil, and Hardouin, with Balon, Mdlles Subligny, Dufort, and Carré as dancers. It is only necessary to open the score, which is full of movement, colour, and elegance, to understand the brilliant success which at once greeted it. After the stately and solemn style of Lully, and the languid and monotonous psalmody of those who had constituted themselves his successors, Campra, turning to good account the pleasing character of the subject he had to treat, came with a sprightly, supple style, distinguished by grace, youthfulness, and vivacity, and by its novelty forming a perfect contrast to the pomposity and bombast then in vogue at the Opera. In the frank and welcome music of *L'Europe galante* there was a portion undisguisedly comic, the effect of which was most happy; in this respect, special attention should be directed to the entire scene of the Bostangia in the third act, a scene which, from the Turkish march with which it begins, to the end, is a genuine masterpiece of musical buffoonery. The two airs of the Bostangi-Bachi—especially the second, which is indescribably comic—the choruses, the ballet-airs, and everything else is funny

\* From *Le Ménestrel*.

and grotesque without ceasing for a moment to be methodic and without ever falling into triviality. Respecting this scene in his opera, several of Campra's biographers relate the following anecdote. He was then still chapelmaster at Notre Dame, and compelled, as we have seen, in order not to lose his post, to pass off under his brother's name the piece he had just brought out at the Opera. Having one day, during the discharge of his duties at the Cathedral, fallen asleep, he was awoken by the sub-chantor, who, as usual, saluted him by striking up half a verse of the anthem. Unfortunately, Campra was dreaming about his piece, of which his mind was naturally full, so that, on being suddenly aroused, he commenced singing the beginning of the Bostangi's air—

"Vivar, vivar, gran sultana!"

The reader may easily conceive the surprise of those present on hearing these strange words, which remind one strongly of Molière's familiar Turkish; but it was their very singularity which saved him. No one, as will readily be believed, understood them, and Campra, now thoroughly alive to the reality, took his place at the organ, as though nothing unusual had happened, and finished the service without uttering a syllable. The incident had no ulterior result. If, however, Campra, with his meridional fluency of speech, ever thought fit to relate the story, his hearers must have laughed very heartily. At any rate, the success of his first dramatic venture must have consoled him for any little accidents of this kind. †

(To be continued.)

## MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

M. Champagne opened the doors of the Salle Monsigny on Saturday, June 25, to a good audience, the opera being *Faust*, interpreted by an entirely new troupe of artists. Among these we must mention Mdlle Redouté, "première chanteuse légère du Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, Bruxelles," who impersonated Gounod's heroine. Possessed of a moderately powerful voice, she sings with feeling the part of Gretchen, and phrases well. Mdlle Blanche looked a very small and plump Siebel (announced in the bills as Shiebel!), and rendered the part to the satisfaction of the audience. Mme Crénille did ample justice to the character of Martha. M. Dardignac, who played Faust, has a few good notes in his voice. He looked very well as the old man, but not sufficiently juvenile for the Faust who enchants Marguerite. M. Dartès, as Mephistopheles, sang well, and is the possessor of a powerful, though rather hard, bass voice. M. Mertel was Valentin. On Tuesday night *Le Barbier* was given, with Mdlle Redouté as Rosina, M. Dardignac as the Count, and M. Mertel as Figaro. To-morrow we are promised Adolphe Adam's *Si j'étais Roi*, on Saturday *Haydée*, and on Tuesday *Lucia*.

The Casino Concerts, in and out of doors (the latter depending much upon the weather), go on as usual, but it is a pity that there is not more variety in the programmes. X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, June 29, 1881.

LISBON.—Pablo Sarasate's four concerts here proved highly successful. The cream of Portuguese society flocked to the Colyseu, and Dom Fernando, the King's brother, travelled 27 kilometres from Cintra to the capital on purpose to hear him. M. Ed. Colonne was the conductor.

† Lecerf de la Vieville de Frenese, in his *Comparaison de la musique italienne avec la musique française*, bears witness to the great success of *L'Europe galante*. He introduces two persons conversing; one of them expresses his opinion that no good operas have been written since Lully's death, and that not one of those he has seen has pleased the public. The conversation continues as follows: "What!" said the Chevalier, "Did not *L'Europe galante* please you?" "With regard to that," replied M. du B..., "I own it is an exception, and that I like going to the Opera whenever it is played." "Come, that is something," continued the Chevalier, "and you do well in making an exception. It would be an act of temerity to go against the popular taste, and M. de Francine, who knows all about the matter, will tell you that no opera, even by Lully, has drawn more than *L'Europe galante*."

When *L'Europe galante* was produced, this quatrain found its way about:

"Quand notre archevêque saura  
L'auteur du nouvel opéra,  
Monsieur Campra décampera,  
Alleluia!"



## THE RICHTER CONCERTS.

Success is proverbially harder to bear than failure, and now that the Richter Concerts are flourishing, we hear of troubles in the managerial council, and absolute dislocation of once combined and harmonious interests. The enterprise, it would appear, was jointly started by Herr Franke and Messrs Schulz-Curtius, the violinist acting as "artistic director," while the firm took upon itself, probably, the more material responsibilities. Cemented by disaster during the first season, the alliance of these parties has melted like wax before the sun of prosperity. Evidence of the new state of things appeared at the penultimate concert, when handbills were circulated by Herr Franke, giving details of next season's work, announcing himself as "director"—no longer "artistic"—and entirely avoiding reference to Messrs Schulz-Curtius. The public were informed, moreover, that "Herr Franke (founder of the Richter Concerts) . . . will conduct all his business personally from his office," &c., &c. At the final concert, St James's Hall was again flooded with handbills, this time emanating from Messrs. Schulz-Curtius, who advertised the fourth season of the Richter Concerts under the new name of "Symphony Concerts." At the same time they complained that their whilom partner had announced "independent entertainments," to be called by the title of the defunct common enterprise, and furthermore expressed a decided opinion that the course was very unfair, "considering that they had borne their full share both of trouble in founding the institution, and of expense in keeping it up when help was necessary. We need hardly say that if Messrs. Franke and Schulz-Curtius choose to quarrel and part company, that is a matter for themselves alone; but when, in addition to this, they make their dissensions public, every one has a right to speak, if not to intervene. We shall exercise that right very sparingly, and only so far as to express regret at the state of things now made known. Considering the high character of the Richter Concerts, every musical amateur has an interest in their continued well-being, and cannot but feel grieved that anything should have happened to endanger them. The present untoward division will work mischief as a matter of course, because the public appealed to by both parties is a very limited one, and the support that just enabled a single enterprise to flourish is not likely to sustain two.

We are not yet in a position to judge between the rival arrangements for next year, since, though Herr Franke has perfected his, Messrs Schulz-Curtius are still hard at work. Such particulars as are to hand may, nevertheless, be given. Herr Franke, on his part, is able to announce the engagement of Herr Richter, who will conduct nine concerts in May and June next. The programmes are to contain all the symphonies of Beethoven, save the first two; Brahms' "German" Requiem; Liszt's "Graner" Mass; and a liberal selection, vocal and instrumental, from *Der Ring des Nibelungen* of Wagner, in the performance of which the solo-singers and chorus of the German opera will be associated. From this it is easy to gather that the lesson of the past season has not been forgotten, nor the fact further overlooked that the Richter Concerts exist for a special purpose in connection with so-called "advanced" art, and for the humouring of a delusion that this particular school of music stands on the foundation of Beethoven, in which case, by the way, it might be said, as once of an old family, that "the best part is underground." Turning to the rival enterprise, we find that negotiations are pending with Mr Charles Hallé as conductor, and Herr August Wilhelmj as *chef d'attaque*, it having been determined to give six concerts in May and June, in the course of which Beethoven's Mass in D and Ninth Symphony will be repeated. Taking a general view of the situation, we may expect a lively time in St James's Hall next summer. Such a time was that eighty-nine years ago, when the directors of the Professional Concerts brought over Pleyel to fight against Haydn, and the dear old composer wrote "So a bloody harmonious war will now commence between master and scholar!"—adding, "we will share our laurels fairly and each go home satisfied." So may it be with Herr Richter and his antagonist.

The disruption, upon which we have commented somewhat, abates the satisfaction attending a most successful close of the season with two performances of Beethoven's great Mass in D. During their three years of life the Richter Concerts had done nothing so much entitling them to thanks and praise as this; the band being fully competent, and the chorus quite familiar with their theme, though, having lungs and throats of flesh, not brass, the labour tried them to the point of exhaustion, while the soloists—Mlle Pyk, Miss Orridge, Mr Shakespeare, and Herr Henschel—were singularly fitted for the work they had to do. Herr Richter's reading of the wonderful music was that of a master, and must have revealed, even to students of the Mass, many unsuspected points of beauty. On this subject, however, we will not enlarge. It is too tempting, and if entered upon would take us to inconvenient lengths. A more

splendid text, a more exhaustless theme does not exist than the offering which Beethoven, anticipating the artistic advance of ages, and touching once and for all the *ne plus ultra* of music, laid upon the altar of religion.—D. T.

## RUBINSTEIN'S OPERA.

(From the "St James's Gazette.")

Rubinstein's *Demon* has made its mark at the Royal Italian Opera; and, whatever opinions may be entertained concerning the attractiveness of the work, there can be no doubt as to the power displayed by its composer.† The subject of his opera was an excellent one for Russia, where the poem by Lermontoff is known to every one and by every one admired. It does not lend itself, however, very readily to dramatic treatment; and the fine qualities of the poet disappear, as a matter of course, beneath the rough handling of the librettist. What would *Cain* or *Manfred* be worth after being subjected to the Procrustean operations of the operatic bookmaker? And the spirit of Lermontoff's poetry vanishes, as under like treatment would that of Byron. There is a certain analogy between the story of *The Demon* and that of *Faust*; for in both the spirit of good is opposed to the spirit of evil. In both, too, the spirit of evil is in the end vanquished. But in the opera of *The Demon*, though not in Lermontoff's poem, the good genius is successful throughout; and this, though highly satisfactory in a moral point of view, is, dramatically considered, tedious. Tamara's protecting angel stands now and then timidly on the defensive, but she never allows her interesting charge to be decidedly worsted in the struggle. The poor *Demon*, on his side, demeans himself in such a fashion that his conduct reminds one of the title of one of Ben Johnson's plays, *The Devil's an Ass*. It was, according to an Eastern legend, in the form of an ass that Satan at the time of the Flood found his way into Noah's ark; and the hero of Rubinstein's opera maintains in all respects the character given to the Evil One by the Eastern fabulist. The view taken of the fiendish character by Rubinstein's amiable librettist is, it is true, strictly in accordance with that presented in many a mediæval tradition. In the original *Faust* story, Mephistopheles, when the period of his subjugation to Faust is at an end, claims his victim, and in fact carries him off to eternal torments. But in the Catholic legends on the same subject the devil invariably allows himself to be duped through some reserve clause which the soul-seller has inserted, or has carefully abstained from inserting, in the infernal compact. He abjures, for instance, the three persons of the Trinity, but says nothing about the Holy Virgin; and at the last moment lays stress on this fact in a prayer to the Blessed Mary, who, touched by this proof of devotion, intercedes on behalf of the faithful one and saves him. Or the man who has bartered away his soul for the right of having a certain number of desires gratified, ends by formulating a wish the execution of which would be attended with such unpleasant consequences to the diabolical agent that rather than carry it out he rescinds the agreement. There is no question of a contract in Rubinstein's opera. The *Demon*, in constant pursuance of evil designs, wishes to obtain possession of the beautiful Tamara. He boasts of his irresistible power; he treats as a mere detail the slaughter of the loved one's betrothed, with his followers; and yet, bragging, lamenting, and making love throughout three long acts, he does not succeed in the object he has kept so persistently in view. Of what avail, then, was his demoniac power? and what was the use of killing the unfortunate Prince of Sinodal and the whole of his escort? Besides being commonplace, the *Demon* of the opera is inconsistent and vacillating. The *Demon* of Lermontoff is original; and, wearied by an unbroken course of triumphant evil-doing, wishes for the sake of novelty to experience the joys of sympathy and love. But he never, like the operatic *Demon*, tells Tamara that he is ready to abandon the demoniac profession and habits. He endeavours to touch her heart by placing all the treasures of the earth at her disposal, and also and above all by representing himself as omnipotent, yet her willing slave. The great fault, however, of Rubinstein's libretto does not consist in its being a poor version of the admirable poem from which it is derived; for as much may be said of the *Faust* libretto. It lies in the monotony of the situations; for the *Demon* never appears but for the purpose of making love to Tamara, and, always making love to her, he never succeeds in gaining her affection. MM. Barbier and Carré's libretto of *Faust* is, on the other hand, brilliantly varied. The one long love-scene for Faust and Margaret is full of the most different shades of expression, and it moves, moreover, by constant gradations towards a climax; while, besides the one act devoted for the most part to love-making, we have a mysterious act—the act of the transformation; a lively act—the act of the kermesse and of the waltz; an act, the natural consequence of the garden-scene, in which the prevailing

feeling is that of remorse; and finally an act of despair. In *The Demon*, on the other hand, the situations as marked by the dominant sentiment are always the same. The incidents change, but not the animating spirit.

The composer, then, when he had once quitted the country where the subject of his work is widely popular, found himself heavily weighted by his librettist; and it must be admitted that he has borne himself energetically beneath the burden, apparently without feeling it. The opportunities for musical effect presented by the bookmaker were, a contrast between Tamara's persecuting demon and her guardian angel; one highly dramatic scene for Tamara and the Demon, in which matters are brought to such a pass that, but for the prompt interference of the angel, Tamara would find herself in the position of her prototype in the poem and of Margaret in *Faust*; and several situations for the introduction of characteristic choral music both for singers and for dancers.

[\* Doubtless, it "has made its mark"—as one who should say, "witness my mark." There are marks and marks. † Doubtless, "there can be no doubt as to the power displayed" as one who should say, "to the best of my power." But "power" in one sense may not be "power" in another sense. There is power and power. ‡ How a man can bear himself while bearing a burden can only be explained by Hermogenes, whose wit was so keen that it was brittle. That Herr Rubinstein has borne the burden "apparently" without feeling it, can only be a proof of Herr Rubinstein's apparent want of feeling. Doubtless, there may be "characteristic choral music" for singers, but "characteristic choral music" for dancers, is difficult to bring on a level with ordinary intelligence.

BRITTLE KEEN POWER  
—his mark—



Witness—Dr Blüdge.]

—o—  
WAIFS.

"What a queer people these English are," said a richly paid and awfully utter virtuoso. "When I first came and could play they abused me; now that I can't play they praise me to the skies!"

Mr Carl Rosa is still in Hamburg (if he has not returned to London.—Dr Blüdge.)

F. C. B. How are you? If not well, say so at once, and cures shall be preposterous if non-forthcoming. If well, keep your own counsel. Why make a boast of it? Better let well alone while you are about it. *Remettez vous le père Mufe?*—(Hence "muff."—Dr Blüdge.)

Gounod will spend July at Vichy.

Tamberlik has been singing at Palencia.

Carlo Pedrotti, the composer, has been in Milan.

Mme Galli-Marié has been singing in Barcelona.

It is proposed to erect a statue to Ole Bull in Boston (U.S.)

Handel's *Messiah* has been performed by the Musical Association, Gotha.

A music-hall is to be erected in Boston (U.S.), at a cost of 325,000 dollars.

Scaria, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has been singing at the Leipzig Stadttheater.

Masini, the tenor, has returned to Milan from Barcelona.—(May this be true?—Dr Blüdge.)

Semet's comic opera, *La petite Fulette*, libretto by Georges Sand, has been performed at Lille.

Millocker, of Vienna, is setting a buffo libretto, *Die Jungfrau von Belleville*, by Zell and Genée.

Smetana's new opera, *Libussa*, was produced on the 11th inst., at the National Theater, Prague.

Auteri's *Stella* will be included in the Italian operatic programme next season at St Petersburg.

The Municipal Council, Rome, will, this year, make grants to the Argentine and Apollo Theatres.

In consequence of non-financial success, the concerts in the Sala Beethoven, Barcelona, are discontinued.

Emma Nevada, the young American yellowhammer, has been well received in Milan. Why did she leave?

Manoury, of the Grand Opera, Paris, goes to the Brussels Monnaie, in place of Devoyod, engaged at St Petersburg.

After playing in Leipsic, the operatic company from the Carltheater, Vienna, paid Dresden a professional visit.

The Italian season at Buenos Ayres was inaugurated with Donizetti's *Polinto*, Borghi-Mamo and Tamagno sustaining the leading parts.

Taking example by the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, the Theatre Royal, Munich, forbids artists to accept calls during the progress of the piece.

Schott (the tenor Roseate) has purchased Castle Abenberg, near Nuremberg.—(To Montigny Rémaury: "Hark, hark the Lark!"—Dr Blüdge.)

A bust of Franz Liszt, by the sculptor Herter, was exhibited at the meeting of the Tonkünstler Verein, Magdeburgh.—(A buster?—Dr Blüdge.)

The last work performed at the Ducal Theatre, Coburg, by the operatic company, before their disbandment, was the reigning Duke's *Diana von Solange*.

The Santiago Philharmonic Institution, Cuba, is shortly to be inaugurated. Varela Silvani, of Madrid, is writing an orchestral piece for the occasion.

Gotthold Carlberg, at one time on the staff of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, and long connected with the musical press in America, died recently in New York.

A Musical Festival is being organized at Neuville-sur-Saône to collect funds for the erection of a statue to Pierre Dupont. (*Mes bouffes!*—Good!—Dr Blüdge.)

The Vogls, man and wife, had a warm reception on their first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Munich, after their achievements in the Ring at the Berlin Victoria.

Mme Marie Sasse starts shortly from her villa at Deynze on a tour, including among other watering-places, Caunterets, Eaux Bonnes, Bagnères-de-Bigorre, and Biarritz.

Isaak Heymann, father of the pianist, Carl Heymann, and precentor of the Jewish congregation, Amsterdam, lately celebrated his 25th official anniversary.—(Can't be!—Dr Blüdge.)

A Gayarre *en herbe* has been discovered in Vittoria. His name is Manuel Albeniz, and the Corporation or the Province will grant him a pension to prosecute his studies. (*Qu'est ce?*—Dr Blüdge.)

Lübeck, violoncellist, has been appointed to the vacancy caused in the Royal Chapel, Berlin, by the resignation of Stahlknecht, the *Concertmeister*.—(Why did Stahlknecht resign? There's the rub.—Dr Blüdge.)

Bizet's *Carmen* has been performed at Wiesbaden and Lausanne; at the former place it was coolly received; at the latter it was enthusiastically applauded.—(Vive Lausanne! A bas Wiesbaden!—Dr Blüdge.)

COPENHAGEN.—Seldom has a foreign artist been more successful here than David Popper, violoncellist. The Royal Family were present at two of his concerts, he has played at Court, and the King has decorated him with the Order of the Danebrog. Before returning to Germany, Popper will make a tour through Denmark.—Joseph Wieniawski, the pianist, has been here and given a Chopin Concert, which was well attended. The Tivoli season began some time since, and Mme Trebelli's admirers, whose name is legion, are eagerly looking forward to her arrival. Saint-Saëns, also, will probably come.—Offenbach's *Fille du Tambour Major* has proved attractive at the Casino.

SIGNOR GHILBERTI'S "MUSICAL FARCE."—On the night of the 21st June the Ladbroke Hall was crowded to overflowing with a fashionable audience, to hear the first performance of Sig. Ghilberti's composition, and the hearty applause with which it was greeted throughout must have been most gratifying to the composer. The farce was preceded by a recital of Hood's *Dream of Eugene Aram* by Mr Marland Clarke, who subsequently read, in the happiest manner, and with genuine applause, a short Prologue to the piece of the evening. The farce begins with a sentimental ballad for Clara, Sputtersome's daughter, which pleased much. A song for Nelly, the housemaid, was deservedly encored, and the first act ends with a well-written quartet, which met with great favour. In the second act the Bathman's Song was encored, as was a duet in mazurka measure, but the Ghost scene, worked up with care and brilliancy, and ending in a lively quintet, is the gem of the act. This, too, was encored. The farce terminates with a well-written, tuneful, and spirited drinking song. At the conclusion the composer and librettist were called before the curtain amid shouts of applause.

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